The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 119. Vol. XX. AUGUST, 1901. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* August *will be noticed in the* September *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th September *in the* October *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

The last pages of the final manuscript of "The Eternal City" have only just been delivered to the printer, but we understand that Mr. Heinemann is to have the whole large edition ready early this month. Mr. Hall Caine will immediately take a complete rest, for the strain of two-and-a-half years' work has told on him considerably. He has, however, many ideas for a new book, and it is possible that the recent failure of Dumbell's Bank, and the terrible resulting calamities in the Isle of Man, may suggest to Mr. Hall Caine the great subject of a novel on wealth and business speculation, Capital and Labour. One thing is certain, the scene of his next novel will be laid in the Isle of Man.

Last December, when Messrs. Macmillan and Co. published Mrs. Frankau's Eighteenth Century Coloured Prints, the two limited editions which contained the pictures in colour were all immediately taken up, and now these books, we understand, are at a large premium. Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have now in hand a very important work by Mrs. Frankau on John Raphael Smith, the celebrated eighteenth century engraver. This time, however, the publishers have decided only to issue one edition, which will be limited to 350 copies. The first volume will be a demy octavo, a size convenient for the bookshelf, and will contain the life of J. R. Smith, a catalogue of the plates engraved by him, a description of the prints in their various states, and the prices at which they are currently quoted. This volume will be illustrated with fifty examples in miniature of rare engravings. The second volume will be an imperial folio, 18 in. by 24 in., and will contain fifty examples in facsimile of the work of J. R. Smith, in stipple, mezzotint, oil, and chalk, and thirty of these will be printed in colours. The following are some of the principal artists that the colour prints are after:—Sir Joshua Reynolds, Morland, J. R. Smith himself, Romney, Englehart, Opie, and Hoppner. The publishers have pledged themselves never to reprint the book, and the edition will be strictly limited. The price, we understand, is to be thirty guineas nett for the two volumes.

Mr. Heinemann has in preparation, under the editorship of Mr. Edmund Gosse, a series (to be called "A Century of French Romance") of twelve select masterpieces, each representing one phase of the French novel of that period. The volumes will be luxuriously printed, and illustrated with coloured plates by some of the best living French artists. Each will contain, besides a short biographical note by the editor and a bibliographical appendix on the portraits of each individual author by Octave Uzanne, an introduction by one of the best known English and American critics. The sequence of the series will be as follows:—Stendhal's "La Chartreuse de Parme," with an Introduction by Maurice Hewlett; Balzac's "Les deux jeunes Mariées," with an Introduction by George Moore; Dumas père's "La Tulipe noire," with an Introduction by Dr. Richard Garnett; George Sand's "Mauprat," with an Introduction by "John Oliver Hobbes"; Mérimée's "Carmen" and "Colomba," with an Introduction by Arthur Symons; Victor Hugo's "Notre-Dame de Paris," with an Introduction by Andrew Lang; Octave Feuillet's "Le Roman d'un jeune Homme pauvre," with an Introduction by Henry Harland (author of "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box"); Dumas fils' "La Dame aux Camélias," with an Introduction by Edmund Gosse; Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," with an Introduction by Henry James; Alphonse Daudet's "Le Nabab," with an Introduction by Professor W. P. Trent; Jules et Edmond de Goncourt's "Renée Mauperin," with an Introduction by James Fitzmaurice-Kelly; and Guy de Maupassant's "Pierre et Jean," with an Introduction by the Earl of Crewe. The volumes have been newly translated by the most competent translators.

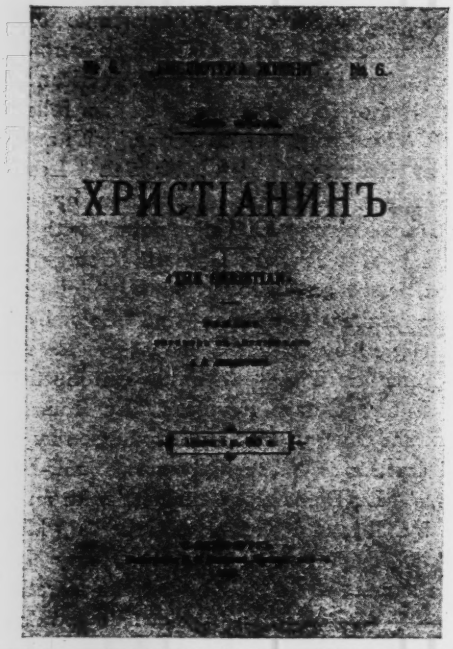
Messrs. Newnes have, we hear, secured the book-rights of Dr. Doyle's new Sherlock Holmes story, which they are, as recently announced, to publish first as a serial in the *Strand Magazine.*

The novel which the late Sir Walter Besant had completed shortly before his death will be published serially in this country in the *Lady's Realm*, and in book form in the autumn of next year by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. Sir Walter also left ready for publication two volumes of essays, a volume of short stories, and his autobiography. We hear that arrangements are now practically completed for the publication of all these books.

Mr. A. T. Quiller Couch ("Q") has lately been collecting his short stories which have recently appeared in various periodicals, and they will be published in book form by Messrs. Cassell and Co., and simultaneously by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York.

We are glad to hear that Mr. A. W. Marchmont, who has been unwell for some little time, is now getting better. He is at present staying in Bath. His new novel will be published in the autumn, in this country by Messrs. Hutchinson, and in America by Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes.

The complete edition of "The Dolly Dialogues," to be published by Messrs. Nisbet in October, will contain twelve new illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. The series will be completed by four new Dialogues, and these will be the only edition in the market.



FACSIMILE OF THE COVER OF THE RUSSIAN TRANSLATION OF "THE CHRISTIAN."

Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish almost immediately a new book, by Barry Pain, entitled "De Omnibus," which will be uniform with his little book, "Another Englishwoman's Love-Letters," which he recently published, and which has been an extraordinary success.

Mr. Max Pemberton's new novel, "The Giant's Gate," will be published by Messrs. Cassell in the early autumn. It is a story of a French soldier who won a place of such great popularity in Paris that the French people wished to make him Emperor. It is thus, in some way, the story of a new Boulanger. The various national forces now at work in Paris, the anti-Dreyfusards, the Imperialists, the Clericals, are all shown at their true worth in a narrative which is above all things the history of one man's great adventure. At this time, when so many English readers are asking themselves if France ever means to attempt the invasion of England, the particular information of which the author has availed himself is of unusual interest.

The name of Mr. Marion Crawford's new novel, to be published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., in the autumn, is "A Maid of Venice."

Messrs. George Bell and Sons will publish in September a work that is sure to create a great amount of interest in the artistic world. It is a study and biography, by Mr. A. L. Baldry, of Hubert Herkomer. The author in this work has dealt with his subject both as a personality and as an artist. A story of his life will be told, while his paintings will be amply illustrated and his many-sidedness demonstrated by numerous examples of his excursions into other branches of craftsmanship. The value and importance of the book is greatly added to by the fact that Mr. Herkomer has placed at the disposal of the author all necessary material, and has consented to the publication of many interesting details about his life. We understand that there will be some sixteen photogravure plates, in addition to ninety half-tone blocks. The cover of the book is of a very novel description, being an exact reproduction of the design made by Mr. Herkomer himself. The price of the work, which is limited to 500 copies, will be three guineas nett. There will also be seventy-five copies of a large paper edition, with duplicate plates on india paper, published at five guineas nett.

We understand that a dramatic version of Mr. A. W. Marchmont's well-known novel, "A Dash for a Throne," is to be produced at Daly's Theatre, New York, during the forthcoming autumn season.

Dramatic versions of the late Sir Walter Besant's well-known novel, "The Orange Girl," and Mr. Crockett's "Joan of the Sword Hand," will also be produced in New York about the same time.

Miss Violet Brooke-Hunt, the author of "A Woman's Memories of the War," has written a Life of Lord Roberts for boys. She has had the kind help and co-operation of Lord Roberts and his family, and of several of Lord Roberts' old comrades and friends in the preparation of the book.

Mr. Heinemann has in hand for the coming autumn a volume uniform with "The Little Tour in France," published by him last year. It is an illustrated edition by Mr. Joseph Pennell of Mr. Howell's Italian journey, and will contain the same number of photogravures as "The Little Tour in France," but many more text illustrations.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have in the press, and will publish during the course of the autumn, "The Life and Letters of John Richard Green." It will be in a single octavo volume, and will be edited by Mr. Leslie Stephen. Another biographical work which

Messrs. Macmillan have in hand, but which will not be published this year, is "The Life of Sir George Grove," by C. L. Graves.

Messrs. James Nisbet and Co. will publish in September "The Childhood of Queen Victoria," by Mrs. Gerald Gurney, daintily bound, and illustrated with several portraits. Mrs. Gerald Gurney is the grand-daughter of the late Bishop Blomfield, one of the early tutors of Queen Victoria. She has thus at her disposal some remarkable letters and papers, written by the Queen's mother, and by her earliest friends, bearing directly on the education and up-bringing of the Queen, and now for the first time given to the public by permission of His Majesty the King. This little volume ought therefore to be of exceptional interest to all who were subjects of Queen Victoria, whether in England or abroad.

Mr. E. H. Cooper's new novel, which is entitled "The Fool's Year," will be published this autumn by Messrs. Methuen and Co.

Mr. Frank Munsey, the well-known editor and proprietor of *Munsey's Magazine*, has just arrived in London, on his way to Paris.

Miss Dorothea Gerard has just completed the MS. of a new novel, which she entitles "The Blood-Tax."

Mr. Eveleigh Nash has been appointed the literary representative of the Frederick A. Stokes Company in London, a firm which has rapidly taken a leading position in America. Mr. Eveleigh Nash will be happy to consider any manuscripts sent to him at his residence, 1, Park Row, Albert Gate, S.W.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc has completed his study and biography of Robespierre, and it will be issued in October by Messrs. Nisbet.

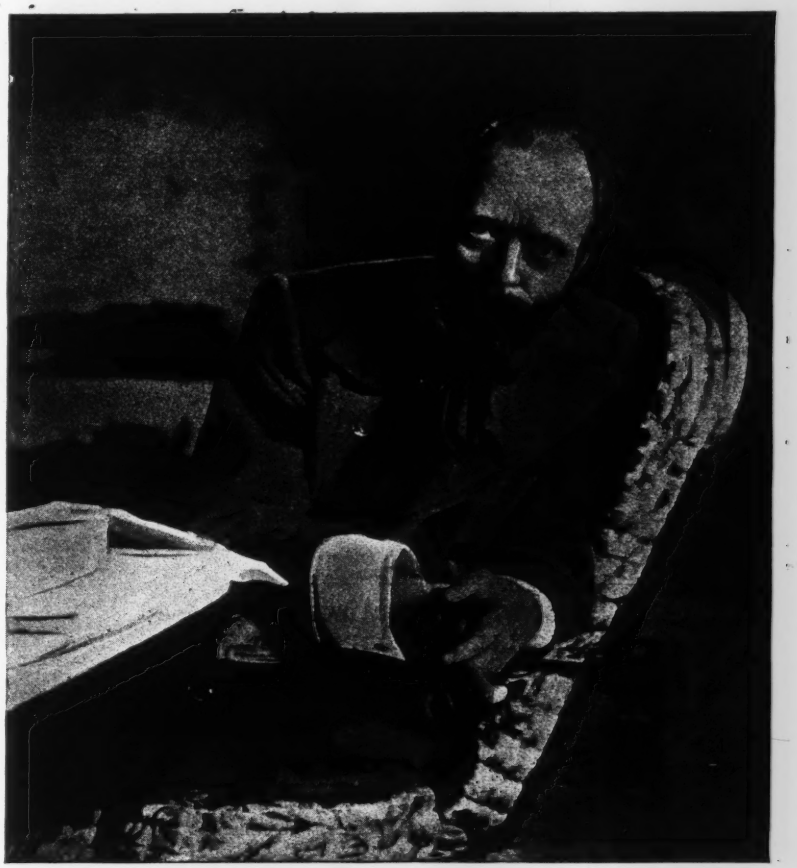
Messrs. Nisbet and Co. will publish a short Scottish romance of the eighteenth century, by Jane H. Findlater. The title is "Zachary Hoseason." To their Illustrated English Library Messrs. Nisbet are adding another edition of "Adam Bede," illustrated by Arthur Layard.

In the autumn Mr. Fisher Unwin is to publish two novels, by a mother and her son, one by Mrs. Fraser, entitled "The Saving Child"; the other by her son, entitled "Death, the Showman." Mrs. Fraser is Marion Crawford's sister, and the author of some very successful books. Mr. Fraser is a young man who has just completed his collegiate career, and his novel will be included in Mr. Fisher Unwin's Green Cloth Library.

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin announces that he has at last arranged to publish a collected edition of the poems of Mary Robinson (now Mme. Dudaux). The volume will include selections from the following books of verse:—"An Italian Garden," "Songs, Ballads, and a Garden Play," "Retrospect," "Lyrics," and "The New Arcadia," and will also contain some new poems.

Mr. Fisher Unwin has in preparation for early publication a play by Mr. Edmund L. Hill (the son of Dr. Birkbeck Hill) entitled "Alfred the Great."

An important work that Mr. Murray is about to publish is "The Growth of the Empire," by Arthur W. Jose. It will contain thirty-one coloured maps, designed to show the progress of the British Empire.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MR. HALL CAINE.
This photograph was recently taken by Mr. Webber, of Lancaster, in Mr. Hall Caine's new study on the hill above Greeba Castle.

Mr. Stephen Gwyn is publishing through Messrs. Macmillan and Co. a novel entitled "The Old Knowledge," being a story of Donegal in the present day. The book throughout suggests the character and charm of the scenery and life in the north-west of Ireland, and the beliefs, passions, and prejudices of the people.

Messrs. Harpers and Bros. will publish during the coming season a very prettily illustrated edition of "She Stoops to Conquer," which will contain about 100 pictures by Mr. Edwin Abbey.

Mr. A. H. Bullen contemplates producing a uniform 3s. 6d. edition of George Gissing's novels. The first volume will be published very shortly, and will be followed by the others at intervals of a fortnight.

Our readers will be interested in the accompanying new portrait of the Baroness von Hutten, whose novel,

THE BARONESS VON HUTTEN.

"Marred in Making," just published by Messrs. Constable, is arousing widespread interest.

Mrs. Everard Cote's recently published garden book, "On the Other Side of the Latch," has already met with a very considerable measure of success, and a second edition is now in the press.

MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE WHOLESALE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

JUNE 20TH TO JULY 20TH, 1901.

A general tone of dulness has pervaded the market throughout the greater portion of the month, and although it is normally a slack period at this time of year, it has doubtless been further accentuated by the intense heat which has prevailed. The demand in almost all classes has been at a very low ebb, and a considerable proportion of the sales effected has been in fiction, illustrated periodicals, and works of a more or less scrappy nature.

The output of 6s. novels has been materially lessened. Amongst the most successful of the new issues may be mentioned "The Lady of Lynn," by Sir W. Besant; "The Luck of the Vails," by E. F. Benson; "Cinderella," by S. R. Crockett; "Marna's Mutiny," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser; "Sister Teresa," by George Moore; and "A Serious Wooing," by J. O. Hobbes.

In 3s. 6d. fiction, "The Good Red Earth," by Eden Phillpotts, has continued to be in demand, and "The Honour of the Army," by Emile Zola, has been fairly popular.

There has again been a marked decline in literature connected with the war. "The Rights and Wrongs of the Transvaal War," by E. T. Cook, has been the most prominent production of the month, and "The Diary of a Nurse in South Africa," by Alice Bron, has sold very freely.

A certain glamour of attraction always surrounds the legendary stories of our historic houses, and a new work, entitled "Secret Chambers and Hiding Places," by Allan Fea, has successfully caught hold on the public.

Consequent upon the immense popularity of "The Hundred Best Pictures" being issued as a periodical, a number of similar ventures have appeared, but the original still continues to hold the field.

Guide books have been in constant request, chiefly for home resorts, and a noticeable feature in the present holiday season is the demand for handbooks descriptive of places in "gallant little Wales."

Sixpenny reprints have sold in large numbers, and the output has been so prolific that it is impossible to specify them; but this line of publication increases in popularity with the holiday-makers. As we go to press that popular work of Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," appears.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:—

Penelope's Irish Experiences. By K. D. Wiggin. 6s. (Gay and Bird.)
Cinders. By Helen Mathers. 6s. (Pearson.)
The Luck of the Vails. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)
A Serious Wooing. By John Oliver Hobbes. 6s. (Methuen.)
Tangled Trinities. By D. Woodroffe. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Sirius. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Lady of Lynn. By Sir W. Besant. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)
Catherine of Calais. By Mrs. de la Pasture. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Her Majesty's Minister. By W. Le Queux. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Helmet of Navarre. By Bertha Runkle. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Cinderella. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (J. Clarke.)
The Casting of Nets. By R. Bagot. 6s. (E. Arnold.)
Visits of Elizabeth. By E. Glyn. 6s. (Duckworth.)
Trooper 8008 I.Y. By Hon. S. Peel. 7s. 6d. (E. Arnold.)
The Eternal Quest. By J. A. Steuart. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Marna's Mutiny. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Sister Teresa. By George Moore. 6s. (Unwin.)
Charles II. By Osmond Airy. 160s. net and 63s. net. (Goupil.)
The Good Red Earth. By Eden Phillpotts. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)
The Honour of the Army. By E. Zola. 3s. 6d. (Chatto and Windus.)
The Diary of a Nurse in South Africa. By Alice Bron. 3s. 6d. (Chapman and Hall.)
Secret Chambers and Hiding Places. By Allan Fea. 10s. 6d. net. (Bousfield.)
Many sixpenny reprints, guide books, and illustrated periodicals.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
June 22—A downward tendency in all departments.
,, 29—Slack all round.
July 6—Still quiet, but somewhat better in Colonial and Foreign.
,, 13—Another slack week.
,, 20—Very quiet in all departments.

(2) SCOTLAND.

JUNE 20TH TO JULY 20TH, 1901.

With the closing of the colleges and schools came the usual orders for prize books, and these formed the leading features of the month's business. The tourist season brought with it, of course, requests for guide books, cycling maps, and publications for railway reading, and these appeared very prominently everywhere. Glasgow Exhibi-

tion proving a success, attracted large crowds of visitors, and booksellers in that city had a brisker run of business than they had anticipated.

As was to be expected, sixpenny reprints of popular works continued to appear continuously, and being eminently suitable for seaside reading, moved off in large numbers. The following were popular:—"Concerning Isabel Carnaby," "Lunatic at Large," "The Skipper's Wooing," "Adventures of Captain Kettle," "My Japanese Wife," "My Lady Nicotine," and "Eben Holden."

As holiday books the most successful were "Punch's Holiday Book," edited by E. T. Reed, of which many hundreds were easily sold; and a specially prepared Photo Folio volume, compiled of Beecham's Views of Scotland, was readily taken up by the trade.

A popular edition at one shilling of Ford's "Thistledown," a book of Scotch anecdotes, appeared opportunely; and, as the camera in holiday pastime must be reckoned with, Clive Holland's "How to Take and Fake Photographs" had a good sale.

Munro's "Doom Castle" continued the leading six shilling novel of the season, and others much asked for were Moore's "Sister Teresa," Benson's "Luck of the Vails," White's "Grip of the Bookmaker," Wiggin's "Penelope's Irish Experiences," Le Queux's "Her Majesty's Minister," and Crockett's "Cinderella."

Books dealing with South African affairs were not much in request: Bleloch's "New South Africa" and Methuen's "Peace and War in South Africa" were probably the best selling.

"Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth," and Barry Pain's "Another Englishwoman's Love Letters," and "An Eton Boy's Letters" continued the popular books in this class of publications so prominent of late.

FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF MR. HALL CAINE'S FINAL MANUSCRIPT OF "THE ETERNAL CITY," REPRODUCED BY HIS KIND PERMISSION.

On account of the increased railway travelling the usual large magazine sales were realised, and the *Windsor*, the *Royal*, and others had much success. The *Summer Studio*, as usual, was in great demand, and the summer number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* and similar publications had deserved popularity.

As a sixpenny society journal *The Tatler* entered the field as a competitor, and at once gained attention. There were many orders booked for "The Living Animals of the World," shortly to be issued in parts by Messrs. Hutchinson.

The following is our usual list of best selling books during the month:—

At Six Shillings.

Doom Castle. By Neil Munro. (Blackwood.)
Sister Teresa. By George Moore. (Unwin.)
The Grip of the Bookmaker. By Perry White. (Hutchinson.)
Penelope's Irish Experiences. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Gay and Bird.)
Luck of the Vails. By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann.)
A Serious Wooing. By John Oliver Hobbes. (Methuen.)
On the Other Side of the Latch. By Sarah Jeanette Duncan. (Methuen.)
Cinderella. By S. R. Crockett. (Clarke.)
Crafty Foe. By Hume Nisbet. (White.)
Her Majesty's Minister. By W. Le Queux. (Hodder.)
The Crisis. By W. Churchill. (Macmillan.)

At Three and Sixpence.

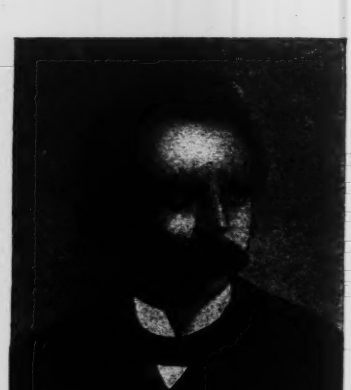
Deacon Brodie. By Dick Donovan. (Chatto.)
Her Royal Highness Woman. By Max O'Rell. (Chatto.)
More Gal's Gossip. By A. M. Binstead. (Sands.)

Miscellaneous.

An Eton Boy's Letters. 5s. (Cassell.)
Letters of her Mother to Elizabeth. 1s. (Unwin.)
Another Englishwoman's Love Letters. 1s. (Unwin.)
Peace and War in South Africa. 1s. (Methuen.)
New South Africa. By W. Bleloch. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)
Punch's Holiday Book. 1s. net. (Bradbury.)
Thistledown. By R. Ford. 1s. net. (Gardner.)

The Reader.

HALL CAINE.



HALL CAINE AT THE AGE OF 30, WHEN HE WROTE HIS FIRST BOOK.

FOUR years ago almost to a day, Mr. Hall Caine published "The Christian," and the noise of battle raging round that book has scarcely died away. In a few weeks at least one hundred thousand readers will be discussing, praising, denouncing, commending, condemning Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, "The Eternal City."

"The Eternal City" will create a sensation. It has already done so. As everyone knows, it has been withdrawn from serial publication in one of the popular magazines. As everyone knows, the proprietors of that magazine are bringing an action against the author for damages, while the author is counter-claiming for breach of contract. From what I know of the theme and plan and plot of "The Eternal City," I am sure that it will be received with thunderous attack and—applause. It will be published in book form exactly as written.

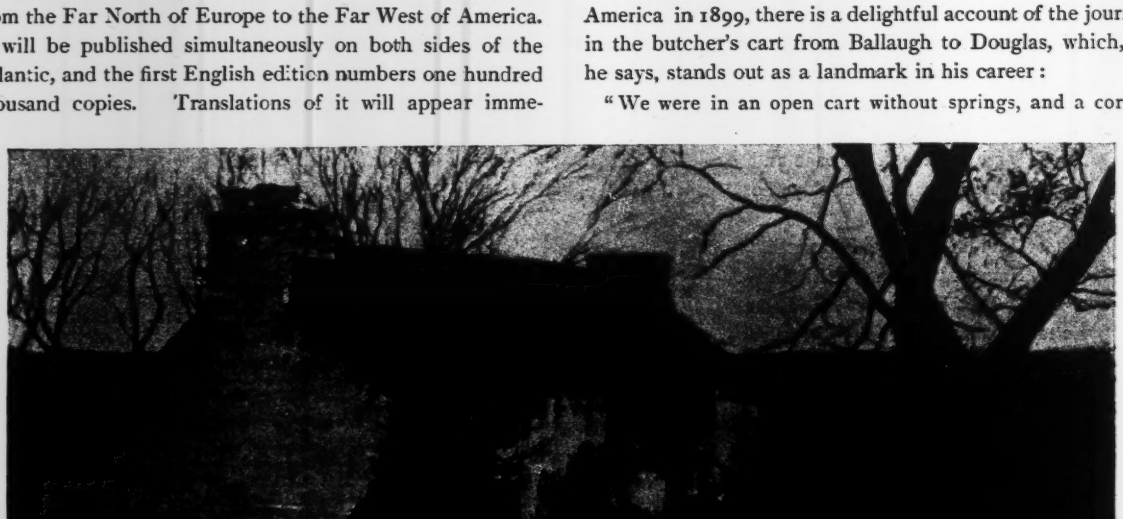
"The Eternal City" and its author will be discussed from the Far North of Europe to the Far West of America. It will be published simultaneously on both sides of the Atlantic, and the first English edition numbers one hundred thousand copies. Translations of it will appear immediately in Italy, Sweden, Finland, Norway, Russia, France, and Germany. Of the book itself I shall have something to say later on. This is the life-story of its author, an authentic biography.

Thomas Henry Hall Caine is a Manxman. On his mother's side of Norse extraction, on his father's a Celt, he is a true son of that "Little Manx Nation" which was in bygone days ruled successively by Welsh, Scandinavian, and Scottish kings. His grandfather owned and farmed some sixty acres in the Island, and it is pleasing to find that within the last few years, Mr. Hall Caine, by purchasing his home at Greeba Castle and some seven large farms in the district, has been able to take up the position long held by his ancestors. He has always before him a pleasing prospect of the time when he will be able to devote himself entirely to the land he loves.

Mr. Hall Caine's father was in an early period of his career a blacksmith at Ramsey, but at the time of the birth of the future author, in 1853, he was engaged in the shipbuilding trade in Liverpool. He is still alive, a hale, hearty gentleman, nearly eighty, with a remarkable resemblance to Tolstoy. He lives at Coolingel, one of his son's farms across the valley from Greeba.

Mr. Hall Caine's earliest recollections are of the days when he lived in a little thatched cottage, which still stands on the high road to Ballaugh, one of the most beautiful spots in the beautiful Isle of Man. It was the home of an uncle, who was a small farmer as well as a butcher. In his character as butcher he made weekly journeys to Douglas to sell his meat from a stall in the Market Place. In the reminiscences of his early life which Mr. Hall Caine gave at a dinner in his honour, at Douglas, after his return from America in 1899, there is a delightful account of the journey in the butcher's cart from Ballaugh to Douglas, which, as he says, stands out as a landmark in his career:

"We were in an open cart without springs, and a corner was left for me amid the carcases of sheep and lambs and the clusters of 'plucks' and 'heads,' while my uncle, in the red shirt he usually wore, sat on the front board with his feet on the shaft. That ascent of Snaefell and the getting to the top, and then the wilderness of waste space with the sea on

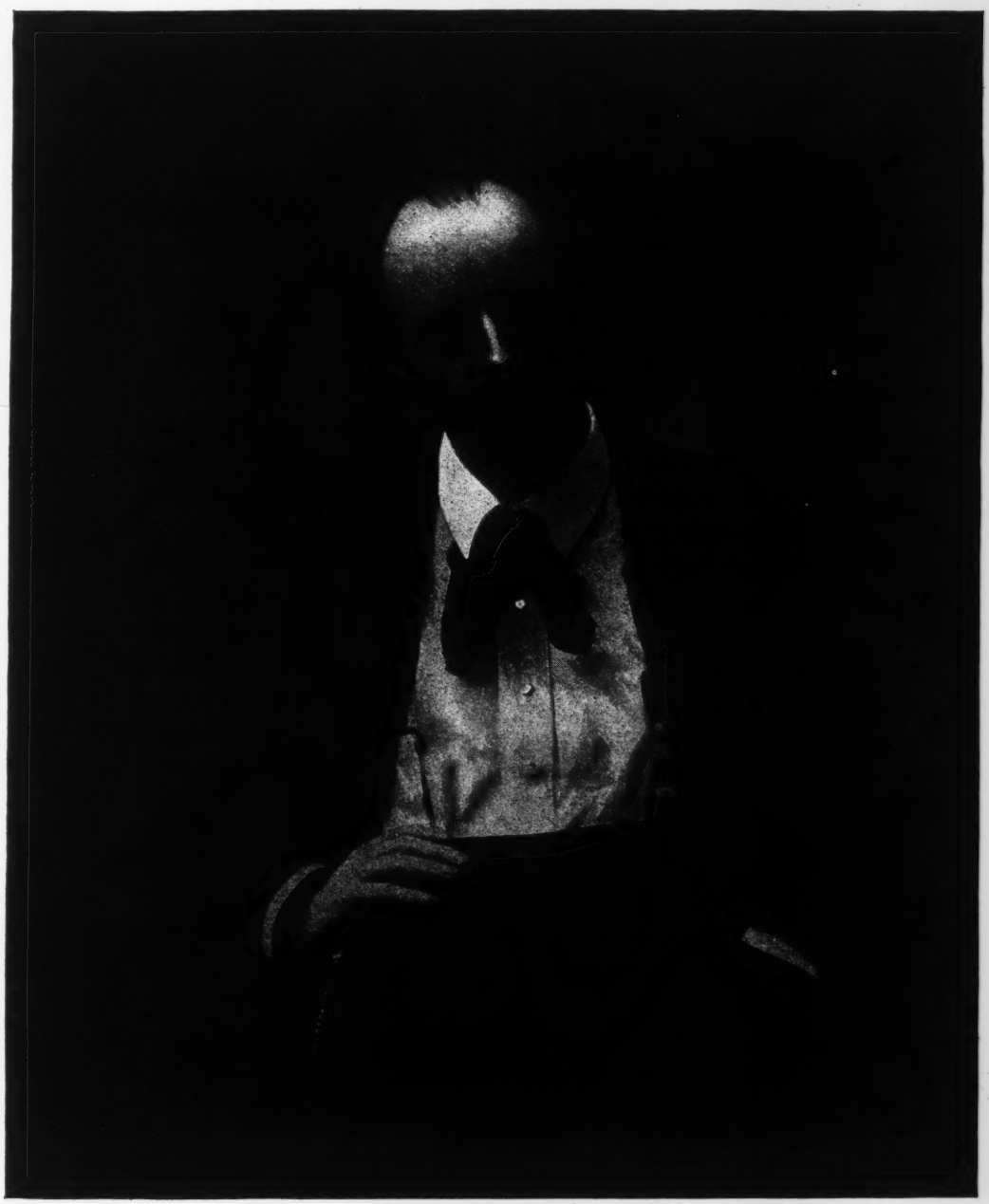


From Photo by] MR. HALL CAINE'S EARLY HOME AT BALLAUGH. *[Geo. B. Cowen, Ramsey, Isle of Man.*

HALL CAINE.

Portrait by Albany Art Union.
Block engraved by The Exemplar Engraving Coy., 268 Brixton Hill, S.W.
Printed by The Cranford Press, Chiswick, W.

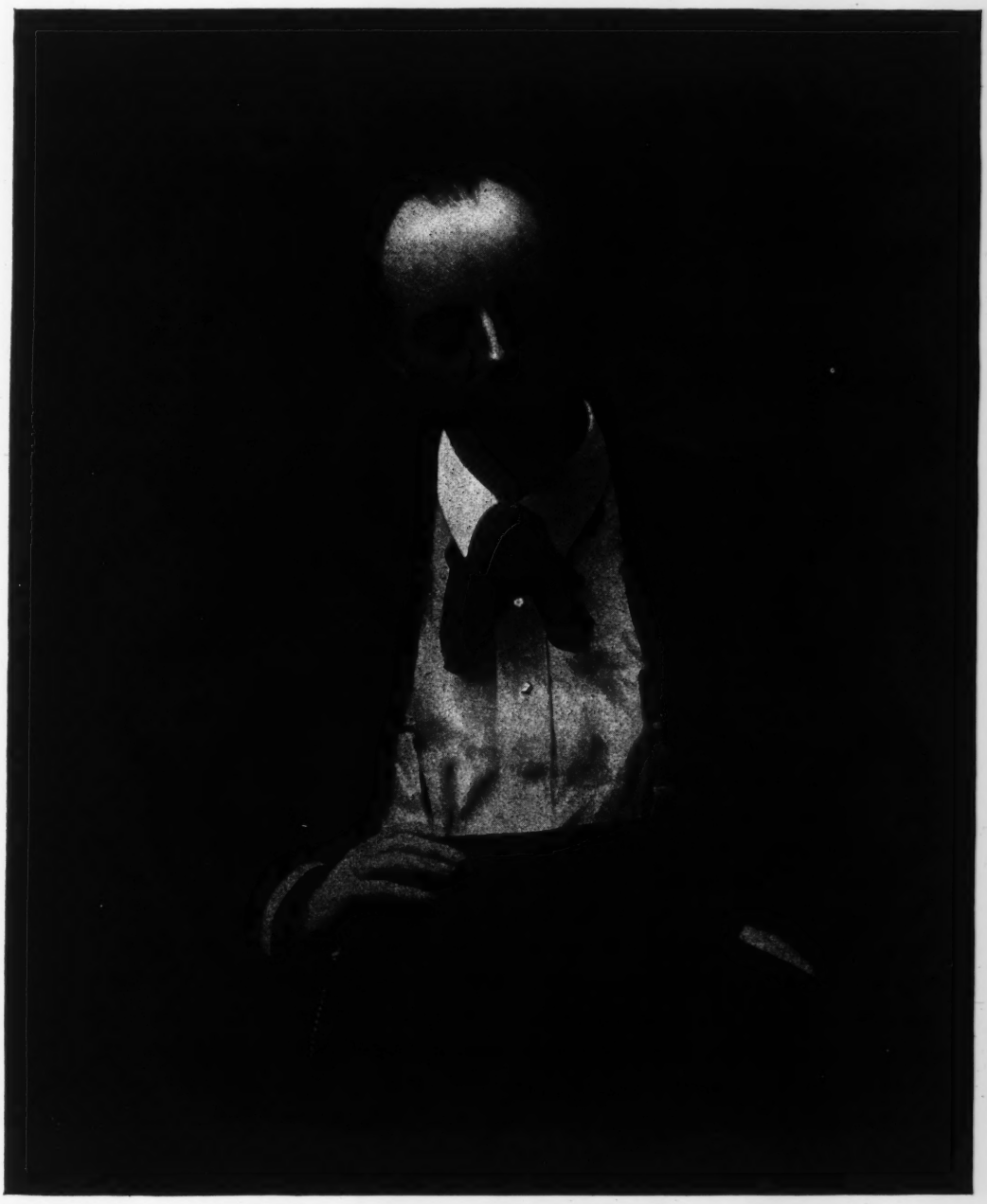
every hand, and finally the descent into the new world beyond, where the unknown town of Douglas lay far away in the depths below, was a breathless adventure. I have crossed the Alps several times since then, and have been up to the Atlas Mountains, but the great passes of the St. Gothard and of Mont Cenis have brought no such thrilling sense of the vastness of the world and the mighty things of nature. The child is father to the man, and what I felt as a child about the Isle of Man, that it was the whole world in little, that all the interests, all the emotions, all the passions, nearly all the experiences of mankind lay here in this tiny spot in the Irish Sea, has been the motive inspiring my books."



Copyright by] A NEW PORTRAIT OF MR. HALL CAINE NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED. *[The Albany Art Union.*

The future author was certainly a boy of remarkable precocity. For games he cared little, and even now, I fancy, he only takes exercise from necessity and a high sense of duty. Books were his delight, strange tomes of Reformation history, erudite theology, and especially collections of Parliamentary speeches. His school life, spent partly in the Isle of Man and partly in Liverpool, was brief. He left school at the age of fourteen, but he always looks back with particular pleasure on the days spent in Hope Street, Liverpool, where Mr. George Gill, now the well-known educational publisher, was master. His principal friends at this school were the Rev. William Pierce, the popular Congregational minister of West Hampstead, Mr. Robert Leighton, and Mr. William Tirebuck, who died recently, and whose last novel is shortly to be issued with an introduction by his former school-mate. It is a curious and little-known fact that the first published work of the author of "The Eternal City" was completed before he was thirteen years old. It was the map of England which appeared in the first edition of Gill's Geography. On leaving school, Mr. Hall Caine was apprenticed to Mr. John Murray, a Liverpool surveyor and a distant kinsman of

every hand, and finally the descent into the new world beyond, where the unknown town of Douglas lay far away in the depths below, was a breathless adventure. I have crossed the Alps several times since then, and have been up to the Atlas Mountains, but the great passes of the St. Gothard and of Mont Cenis have brought no such thrilling sense of the vastness of the world and the mighty things of nature. The child is father to the man, and what I felt as a child about the Isle of Man, that it was the whole world in little,



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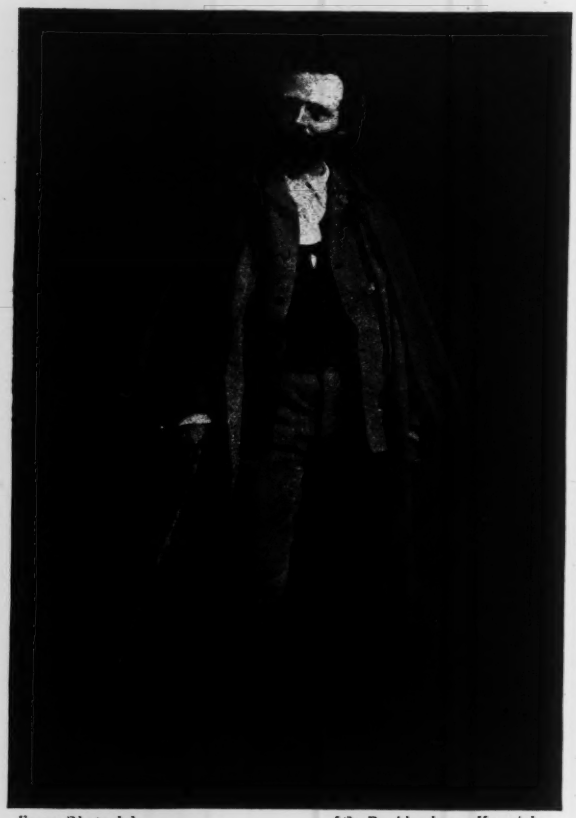
that all the interests, all the emotions, all the passions, nearly all the experiences of mankind lay here in this tiny spot in the Irish Sea, has been the motive inspiring my books."

The future author was certainly a boy of remarkable precocity. For games he cared little, and even now, I fancy, he only takes exercise from necessity and a high sense of duty. Books were his delight, strange tomes of Reformation history, erudite theology, and especially collections of Parliamentary speeches. His school life, spent partly in the Isle of Man and partly in Liverpool, was brief. He left school at the age of fourteen, but he always looks back with particular pleasure on the days spent in Hope Street, Liverpool, where Mr. George Gill, now the well-known educational publisher, was master. His principal friends at this school were the Rev. William Pierce, the popular Congregational minister of West Hampstead, Mr. Robert Leighton, and Mr. William Tirebuck, who died recently, and whose last novel is shortly to be issued with an introduction by his former school-mate. It is a curious and little-known fact that the first published work of the author of "The Eternal City" was completed before he was thirteen years old. It was the map of England which appeared in the first edition of Gill's Geography. On leaving school, Mr. Hall Caine was apprenticed to Mr. John Murray, a Liverpool surveyor and a distant kinsman of



From Photo by] [*G. P. Abraham, Keswick.*

MR. HALL CAINE AT THE AGE OF 38.

the Gladstone family, who was agent for the Lancashire estates of Robertson Gladstone. It was to Mr. Murray that he owed his first introduction to the statesman, who, as will be seen from the following extract from a letter which Mr. Caine has allowed me to reproduce in these pages, always took a lively interest in his work. In connection with the publication of "The Christian" Mr. Gladstone wrote:—

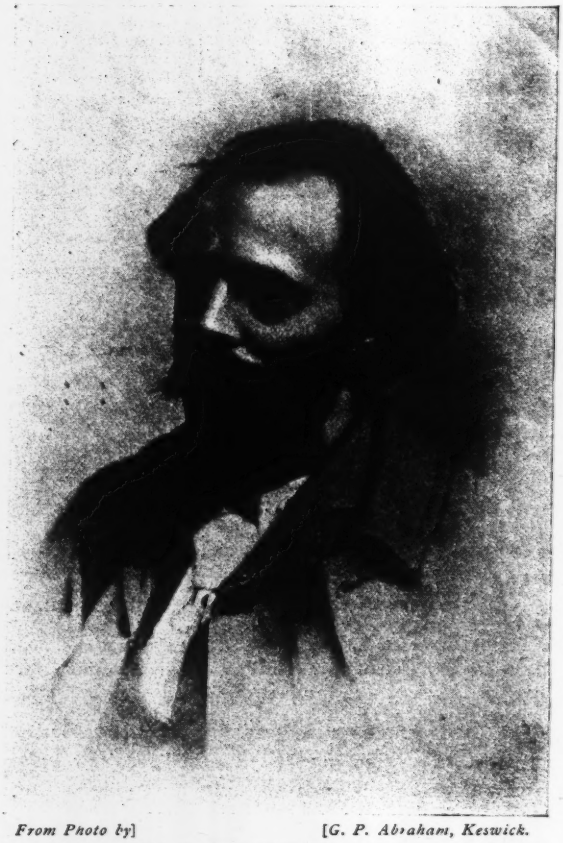
> I cannot but regard with warm respect and admiration the conduct of one, holding your position as an admired and accepted novelist, who stakes himself, so to speak, on so bold a protestation on behalf of the things which are unseen as against those which are seen and are so terribly effective in chaining us down to the lust of our earthly existence. I cordially hope your work may have all the results with a view to which it has obviously been composed.

It is not, I think, generally known that at the age of nineteen Mr. Hall Caine was offered the Stewardship of the Gladstone's Seaforth Estates at a salary of £120 a year, but declined the post, as, although at the time the thought of so much wealth almost overwhelmed him, he did not see in the offer the prospect of any career.

But although Mr. Hall Caine continued his work in the architect's office, and was subsequently for a few years general assistant to a builder, Mr. James Bromley, of Liverpool, his interest in literary and economic questions was beginning to take first place in his life. His earliest journalistic work was done for *Mona's Herald*, and consisted of a long series of articles on social questions, in the spirit and manner later made popular by Henry George. It is strange that these same questions bulk largely, are indeed at the root of the idea of Mr. Caine's latest novel, "The Eternal City,"—not so strange, after all, for although he is an ardent man of letters, a veritable bookman, he is, as he himself admits, above everything else a student of life, and the unceasing study of economics and religious life of the peoples of the world is the deepest thing in his nature.

While in Liverpool Mr. Caine was a frequent contributor on architectural and kindred topics to the *Builder* and *Building News*. It was about this time, in 1877, that he began to lecture under the auspices of the Liverpool Corporation. He was instrumental, too, in founding a short-lived society, called "Notes and Queries," an active and perhaps rather noisy society, which obtained considerable notice and frequent contributions from the leading men of the day. It was probably in this connection that Mr. Hall Caine received his first letter from Ruskin, which I am permitted to reproduce in this number. It is written in acknowledgment of a printed report, and it was evidently not until after the letter was completed that Ruskin noticed a special communication from the young founder of the society. This explains the words, "Please read second page first."

> Please read 2nd page first. *Greenbank,*
> MY DEAR SIR, *Nov. 8th, '78.*
>
> I have, of course, the deepest interest in your work, and *for that reason* must keep wholly out of it.
>
> I should drive myself mad again in a week if I thought of such things. I am doing botany and geology, and you, who are able for it, must fight with rascals and fools. I will be no more plagued by them.
>
> Ever truly yours, J. RUSKIN.
>
> I wrote first page on reading your printed report before reading your letter.
>
> My dear Sir, I am entirely hopeless of any good whatever against their devilish modern power and passions. My words choke me if I try to speak.



From Photo by] [*G. P. Abraham, Keswick.*

MR HALL CAINE AT THE TIME THAT HE WAS ENGAGED IN WRITING "THE SCAPEGOAT."

I know nothing of Liverpool, and what can I say there, but that it has first to look after its poor, and the churches will take care of themselves?

Ever truly yours, J. R.

Tired of architecture, Mr. Hall Caine returned to the Isle of Man, and for about six months was master of a mixed school at Kirk Maughold. It was the time of the Paris Commune, and in the files of *Mona's Herald* will be found a number of violent Communist articles from the pen of the future novelist. On his return again to Liverpool some six months later to work as a draughtsman, he began to contribute regularly to two local papers, the *Town Crier* and the *Argus*. It was on the last-named newspaper that he came into connection with James Ashcroft Noble and with William Watson, who has been his life-long friend.

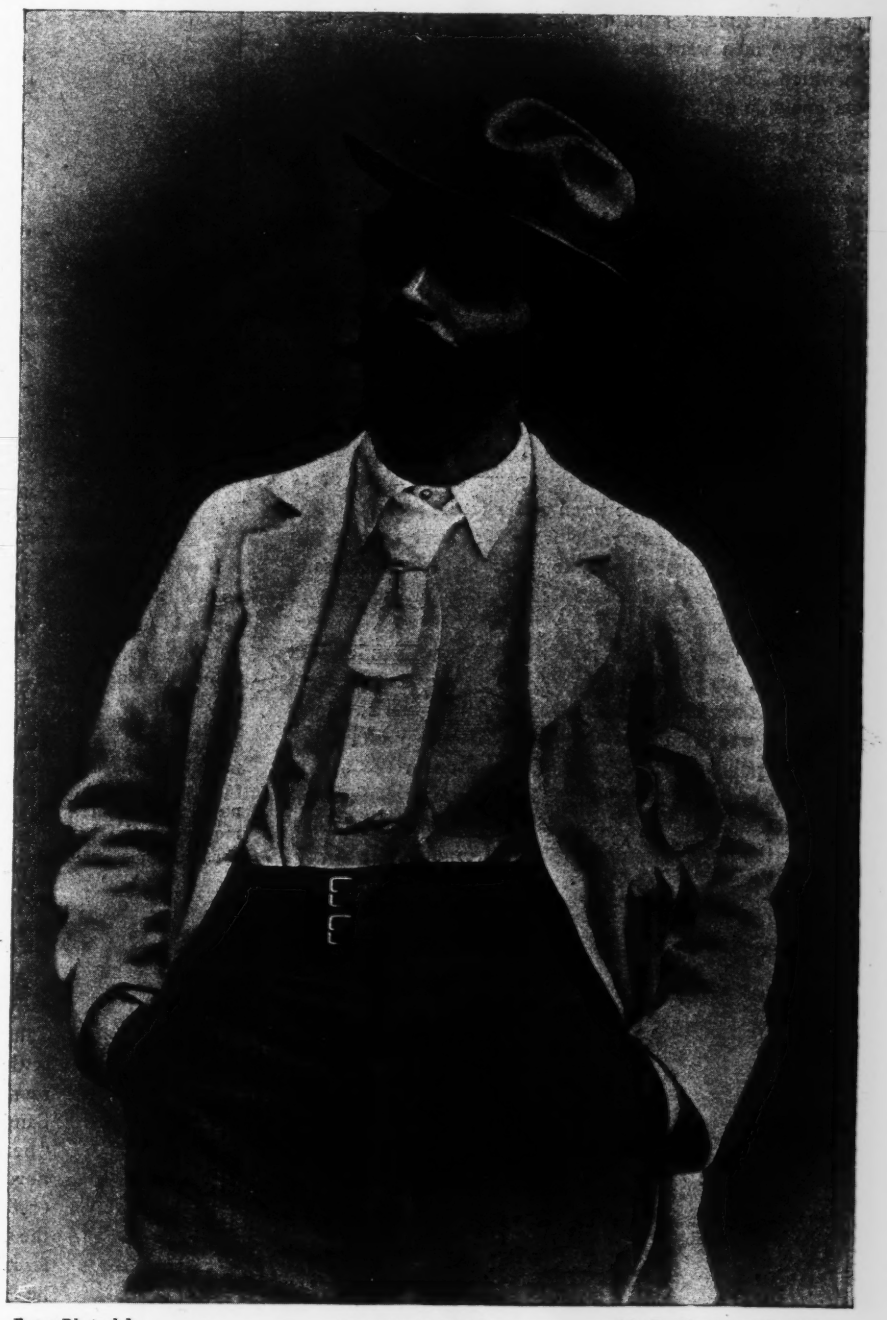
Mr. Hall Caine is one of the very few popular authors of the day who have not experienced the sadness of persistent rejection from publishers. It is true that a famous publisher, who has since made many attempts to obtain his work, declined his first volume of critical essays, but with this exception I think I am right in saying that every book that Mr. Hall Caine has written has been accepted at the first offer. His experience is indeed unique, for when he was only eighteen a Liverpool publisher produced at his own risk a long mystical poem from Mr. Hall Caine's pen. It was issued anonymously, and, says Mr. Hall Caine, "Happily no man will identify me under the romantic name wherein I hid my own. Only one man knew my secret. That was George Gilfillan, and the secret died with him." A letter of Gilfillan's, speaking of the youthful effort as having the "true ring of genius" appears in Dr. Robert Watson's biography. At twenty Mr. Caine wrote an autobiography for another person, for which he received £10. The name of that person is also buried in deepest oblivion.

Till the age of twenty-four, Mr. Hall Caine remained in Liverpool earning his living in a builder's office, and by way of recreation, lecturing, starting societies, and writing on all kinds of topics for various newspapers. His lecture on D. G. Rossetti had momentous consequences. It called forth the letter which is one of Mr. Caine's most treasured possessions, and which, owing to his kindness, I am able to reproduce with this article. Rossetti writes as follows:—

16, *Cheyne Walk, Chelsea,*
29th July, 1879.

Dear Mr. Caine,

I am much struck by the generous enthusiasm displayed in your lecture, and by the ability with which it is written. Your estimate of the impulses influencing my poetry



From Photo by MR. HALL CAINE. [*G. P. Abraham, Keswick.*

is such as I should wish it to suggest, and this suggestion, I believe, it will have always for a true-hearted nature. You say that you are grateful to me: my response is, that I am grateful to you: for you have spoken up heartily and unfalteringly for the work you love.

I dare say you sometimes come to London. I should be very glad to know you, and would ask you, if you thought of calling, to give me a day's notice when to expect you, as I am not always able to see visitors without appointment. The

afternoon about five might suit me, or else the evening about 9.30. With all best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

The result was an intimate friendship which only closed with Rossetti's death. There is no need to dwell on this part of Mr. Hall Caine's career. The full story will be found in his Recollections of Rossetti, published after the poet's death. For two years he lived with Rossetti in his London home. In 1882 Rossetti died in his arms. Late into that night two men were seated in the little room next to that in which Rossetti lay, penning their tributes to his genius. On one side of the table sat Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, whose contribution appeared in the *Athenæum;* on the other side, Mr. Hall Caine, who wrote the appreciation for the *Academy*.

After Rossetti's death Mr. Hall Caine lived for some time in London, engaged in journalistic work. He wrote regularly for the *Academy*, under the editorship of Mr. Cotton, who is to-day one of his most intimate friends and for whom he cherishes the warmest affection; and for the *Liverpool Mercury*, upon which he was leader writer for nearly nine years. The arrangement made between the editor of the *Liverpool Mercury* and the young author was a most unusual one. He was to have £100 a year at first and to do for this payment as much or as little as he liked, to write when and what he pleased. For nearly seven years an article from Mr. Hall Caine's pen appeared every other day in the paper and it is needless to say that the £100 a year speedily gave way to a more adequate arrangement.

For two years he was reader for Messrs. Bentley, but apart from his journalistic work, his literary output from the time he left Liverpool to the day when his first novel was published was remarkably small—an Anthology of English Sonnets, published by Mr. Elliot Stock under the title of "Sonnets of Three Centuries," "Recollections of Rossetti," for which he received £40, and "Cobwebs of Criticism," a collection of lectures delivered in Liverpool.

MR. HALL CAINE.
From Photo by Mowll & Morrison, Liverpool.
From a Painting by Robert Morrison.

It was Rossetti who first suggested to Mr. Hall Caine the possibilities for fiction in the Isle of Man. But the story is best told in Mr. Hall Caine's own words:

"Rossetti was dying for want of sleep, and to relieve the tedium of long, wakeful nights in the bungalow we lived in on the Isle of Thanet, I told him many stories of the Isle of Man, and he was charmed with the pictures of a little nation standing apart with its own race, its own laws, its own Government, and its own customs. 'Why not write all this?' he said. I do not think the idea had occurred to me before, but now I saw how readily the Island lent itself to literary treatment, not merely for its own sake, but for the sake of those great themes of human sin and sorrow and atonement which are never so well illustrated as when brought down to a little scene, a narrow focus, from the general to the particular."

From Photo by [*Geo. B. Cowen, Ramsey, Isle of Man.*
MR. HALL CAINE ON THE TERRACE AT GREEBA CASTLE.

After eighteen months spent in daily journalism in London, Mr. Hall Caine, who had recently married, went to settle down in a little bungalow of three rooms in a garden near the beach at Sandown. "It took me," he writes, "nearly a fortnight to start my first novel, sweating drops as of blood at every first attempt. I must have written the first half-volume four times at the least." At the end of three months he had completed nearly two volumes, and went to London to consult Mr. Cotton. Mr. Cotton suggested an alteration in the plot, which was accepted, necessitating the destruction of half the manuscript. The book was written once more and shown to Mr. Lovell, the editor of the *Liverpool Mercury*. After he had read it, he said, "I suppose you

want my candid opinion?" "Well, ye—s." "It is crude," he said, "but it only wants sub-editing." Back the manuscript went to London to be re-written from first line to last. It was sent again to Mr. Lovell, and Mr. Hall Caine eagerly awaited the verdict. "My home, or what served for it," he writes, "was now on the fourth floor of New Court, in Lincoln's Inn, and one morning Lovell came puffing, and blowing, and steaming (the good fellow was a twenty-stone man) into my lofty nest. He had re-read my novel coming up in the train. 'Well?' I asked, nervously. 'It's magnificent,' he said. That was all the favourable criticism he offered. All save one practical and tangible bit. 'We'll give you £100 for the serial right of the story.'"

At Mr. Lovell's suggestion, however, a further important alteration was made, and, as in the case of another first novel by a famous living writer, the author was persuaded to give a happy ending to the book when, as he felt himself, the death of the hero was the natural sequel to the story.

Thinking his work complete, he asked Mr. Theodore Watts, to whose help he owed much in those early days and whose friendship he has valued greatly ever since, to read the proofs. He advised a modification of the dialect and once more the whole book had to be revised.

"The Shadow of a Crime" was finished. It was taken first to Mr. Bentley, who offered to publish it in the following year. This did not suit the author, who sent it to Messrs. Chatto and Windus. Within a few hours Mr. Chatto accepted it. The novel has passed through at least a score of editions.

At this time Mr. Hall Caine was practically unknown to the great reading public. "The Shadow of a Crime" was well received but did not achieve any popular success. In the following year Mr. Hall Caine finished his second novel, "A Son of Hagar," and a "Life of Coleridge," written in about three weeks. "A Son of Hagar" produced £300, but although it has sold very largely since, its reception was distinctly discouraging. Mr. Hall Caine determined to make one last attempt to capture the attention of the great public. "The Deemster" was written in six months in one of the lodging-houses on the Esplanade of Douglas. The book was an instant success. It only brought the author £150 for book rights, the serial rights having produced £400.

Of Mr. Hall Caine's subsequent career as a novelist it is quite unnecessary to write. The titles of his books, "The Bondman," "The Scapegoat," "The Manxman," "The Christian," tell their own story.

It was after the publication of "The Deemster" that Mr. Hall Caine made his appearance as a dramatist. Mr. Wilson Barrett, who had read the book, telegraphed to him to come up and discuss its dramatisation. Mr. Hall Caine started, but was forced to leave the train at Derby, owing to a terrible fog. For ten days he stopped in a little inn near Derby, the "Isaac Walton" in Dove Dale, waiting for the fog to lift, and here it was that he wrote the draft of his play, "Ben-my-Chree," which was produced by Mr. Wilson Barrett at the Princess Theatre on May 14th, 1888. All Mr. Hall Caine's subsequent dramatic work has been done in collaboration with Mr. Wilson Barrett, with one exception, the dramatisation of "The Christian." In view of the dispute with regard to the stage version of "The Christian," of which a good deal was recently written, I am authorised to say that Mr. Wilson Barrett unconditionally withdrew his case. Mr. Hall Caine has had one great disappointment in his dramatic work. He was commissioned by Sir Henry Irving to write a play on Mahomet, but the outcry in the Press was so great that Sir Henry was compelled to give up the idea of producing the play. It was accepted in America, but I believe has not yet been staged.

It will be seen that, considering the great temptations to over-production which assail the successful novelist, Mr. Hall Caine has, since his first success, published remarkably little. The reason for this is simply that he becomes more exacting

From Photo by [*Geo. B. Cowen, Ramsey, Isle of Man.*

MRS. HALL CAINE.

with himself as each year passes. Of the infinite pains which he has taken with his latest novel I shall tell later on, but the same thing is true, in increasing degree, of all his earlier work. In 1889, for instance, he spent two months in Iceland for the purpose of studying certain phases of life which he wished to introduce into "The Bondman"; he stayed for a short time in Morocco, in order to study the life he describes in "The Scapegoat"; he practically lived in the slums of London for months while at work on "The Christian." In 1892 he was invited by the Russian Jewish Committee to visit Russia, in order to write on the

A SNAPSHOT OF MR. HALL CAINE IN ROME, TAKEN NEAR HIS HOME, "THE HOUSE OF THE FOUR WINDS."

position of the Jews in that country from a Christian point of view. A German translator accompanied him, and he entered deeply into the life of the people. He came back, however, convinced that the persecution of the Russian Jews was an economic and not a religious question. A series of articles on the subject from his pen appeared in the *Times*, and created considerable sensation. On his return, he lectured for the Jewish Working Man's Club in the East End, before probably one of the most enthusiastic audiences any man ever had.

The general scheme of the story of "The Manxman" was really that of a novel which was to be called "The Jew," and which Mr. Hall Caine began after his return from Russia but abandoned after months of hard work. In his original plan, Philip was to be a Christian Governor of his province in Russia. Pete Cregeen and Kate were to be Jews. He thought that the racial difference between the two rivals would afford greater dramatic contrast than any class difference and it was only reluctantly that he altered the scene of his story. He felt, however, that to write of the Russian Jew required the experience of a long lifetime.

Twice Mr. Hall Caine has visited America, where he has received the most flattering reception. In 1895 he went primarily to negotiate on behalf of Canadian copyright, and the Act which was the bone of contention between the Dominion and the Mother Country was shelved by the Canadian Cabinet largely as the result of his disinterested labour. In 1898 he again visited the States, in order to produce the dramatised version of "The Christian." He has never actually made a lecturing tour in the States, but the indefatigable Major Pond arranged a short series of lectures for him on the occasion of his second visit. Probably no English author has such a substantial following in America as Mr. Hall Caine, and a visit to Greeba Castle seems an essential of the educated American's European tour. On the day of my last visit to the Isle of Man, two gentlemen from Chicago had travelled across from Liverpool expressly in order to shake hands with the author of "The Christian." Such incidents are of frequent occurrence.

Mr. Hall Caine's personal popularity in the Isle of Man is great. He is a Justice of the Peace, and has frequently been asked to become a member of the House of Keys. His beautiful home of Greeba Castle is one of the lions that every tourist makes a point of seeing, and every day and many times a day you will see the drivers of wagonettes and coaches stopping to point out the house, and the "cowshed above the house in which Hall Caine does his writing." When the author of "The Eternal City" returned from his last visit to America, the island gave itself up to nearly a week's holiday. There were banquetings and fêtes of all kinds. But, even at that time of enthusiasm, Mr. Hall Caine's popularity did not stand at such a height as it did a few months later, when, after many delicate negotiations and special journeyings to London, he obtained the release of a poor farmer, wrongfully convicted and sentenced to five years' imprisonment for sheep-stealing.

Mr. Hall Caine's methods of work are entirely individual and peculiar. He does not begin his books with a character or with a plot, or with a scene, but with an idea. The invention of incidents does not cause him any great trouble. His real work begins when he visits the places he proposes to describe, studies every possible book on the subject in hand, and makes voluminous notes. He tells me that the following passage is not from his pen, and perhaps he would not have written it, but the statements (which come by the medium of the interviewer) are substantially true and right.

"Each day my subject besets me, winter or summer, from five in the morning till breakfast time. I awake at five and lie in bed, thinking out the chapter that is to be written that day, composing it word for word. That usually takes me up till seven. From seven till eight I am engaged in mental revision of the chapter. I then get up and write it down from memory, as fast as ever the pen will flow. The rest of the morning I spend in lounging about, thinking, thinking, thinking of my book. When I am working on a new book I think of nothing else; everything else comes to a standstill. In the afternoon I walk or ride, thinking, thinking. In the evenings, when it is dark, I walk up and down my room constructing my story. It is then that I am happiest. I do not write every day—sometimes I take a long rest, as I am doing at present—and when I do write, I never exceed fifteen hundred words a day. I do not greatly revise the manuscript for serial publication, but I labour greatly over the proofs of the book, making important changes, taking out, putting in, re-casting. Thus, after 'The Scapegoat' had passed through four editions and people were speaking kindly of the book, I was uneasy because I felt I had not done justice to my subject; so I spent

MRS. HALL CAINE AND HER YOUNGER SON.
Photographed outside Greeba Castle.

two months in re-writing it, and had the book reset and brought out again. The public feeling was that the book had not been improved, but I felt that I had lifted it up fifty per cent."

The central motive of Mr. Hall Caine's work is, as readers of his novels will realise, almost invariably taken from the Bible. "The Deemster" is the story of the Prodigal Son, "The Bondman" that of Esau and Jacob, "The Scapegoat" that of Eli and his sons, "The Manxman" the story of David and Uriah, "The Eternal City" that of Samson and Delilah. Mr. Hall Caine has not sat down to a desk to write for years. He writes on small slips of paper, which he places on his knee, often merely in the palm of his hand. His study at the present time is a curious little Manx cottage (the "cow-house" of the wagonette driver), which stands high on the hill above Greeba Castle, and where he can work without fear of interruption. From the photograph of the interior, which is here given for the first time, it will be seen that it is one of the strangest of literary workshops.

Of Mr. Hall Caine's literary friends, perhaps the most intimate after Rossetti was the late Mr. Blackmore. In an article which Mr. Hall Caine contributed to the *Daily News* early last year, on hearing in Rome of Mr. Blackmore's death, he offered a charming tribute to "one of the truest hearts and finest intellects of the age." Another author with whom Mr. Hall Caine corresponded regularly, and with whom he became very friendly, was Wilkie Collins. The friendship began through the following letter with regard to "The Deemster," which will be read with peculiar interest:

London,
DEAR HALL CAINE, *15th March*, 1888.

(Let us drop the formality of "Mr.," and let me set the example because I am the oldest.)

I have waited to thank you for "The Deemster," until I could command time enough to read the book without interruptions. Let me add that the chair in which I have enjoyed this pleasure is not the chair of the critic. What I am now writing conveys the impressions of a brother in the art.

You have written a remarkable work of fiction—a great advance on "The Shadow of a Crime" (to my mind)—a powerful and pathetic story, the characters vividly conceived, and set in action with a master hand. Within the limits of a letter, I cannot quote a tenth part of the passages which have seized on my interest and admiration. As one example, among many others which I should like to quote, let me mention the chapter that describes the fishermen taking the dead body out to sea in the hope of concealing the murder. The motives assigned to the men and the manner in which they express themselves show a knowledge of human nature which places you among the masters of our craft, and a superiority to temptations to conventional treatment that no words of mine can praise too highly. For a long time past I have read nothing in contemporary fiction that approaches what you have done here. I have read this chapter twice, and, if I know anything of our art, I am sure of what I say.

Now let me think of the next book that you will write, and let me own frankly where I see some room for improvement in what the painters call "treatment of the subject."

When you next take up your pen, will you consider a little whether your tendency to dwell on what is grotesque and violent in human character does not require some discipline? Look again at the "Deemster," and at some of the qualities and modes of thought attributed to "Dan."

Again, your power as a writer sometimes misleads you, as I think, into forgetting the value of contrast. The grand picture which your story presents of terror and grief wants relief. Individually and collectively, there is variety in the human lot. We are no more continuously neglected than we are continuously happy. Next time, I want more of the humour which leaks out so delightfully in old "Quilleash." More breaks of sunshine in your splendid cloudy sky will be a truer picture of nature, and will certainly enlarge the number of your admiring readers. Look at two of the greatest of tragic stories, "Hamlet" and "The Bride of Lammermoor," and see how Shakespeare and Scott take every opportunity of presenting contrasts, and brightening the picture at the right place.

I believe you have not, even yet, written your best book. And here you have the proof of my sincerity.

Always truly yours, WILKIE COLLINS.

The most intimate friendship, however, of Mr. Hall Caine's later life was certainly with Tom Brown ("T. E. B."), the Manx poet. Through no fault of the editor, Mr. Irwin, the recently published letters of T. E. B. do not adequately represent the intimate relationship between the Manx poet and the Manx novelist. Tom Brown delighted to admit that his friendship with Mr. Hall Caine was "the most important factor in his later life." During the last few months Mr. Hall Caine has been in somewhat close connection with Tolstoy, through his married daughter, whom he met in Rome. His opinions on religious and economic questions do not of course entirely agree with those held by the Russian author, but they have much in common. Perhaps the great difference between the two writers is that Mr. Hall Caine has perfect faith in natural law, in the ultimate justice of things, and that the present social system is bringing along its own redemption. There has been an interchange of friendship at a long distance, and up to the time of the news of Tolstoy's dangerous illness, Mr. Hall Caine had been contemplating a journey to Tolstoy's home in Russia at the invitation of the family.

From Photo by [*Webber, Lancaster.*

MR. HALL CAINE'S STUDY AT GREEBA CASTLE.

An old Manx cottage on the hill behind the house has lately been fitted up as a study, where Mr. Hall Caine does much of his writing.

As "The Eternal City" is not yet published, I experience some difficulty in writing of it in anything but the most general terms. There can, however, be no harm in saying that on his last novel Mr. Hall Caine has expended more time and thought and work than on any of his previous books. The idea of the story took shape in his mind at the

end of 1897, when he went to Rome. In the spring of 1898 he wrote a first sketch, a year later a long draft of the whole story, in the autumn of 1899 another and entirely new and longer draft, in the spring of 1900 a draft of seventy-five to eighty thousand words. At the end of September of last year he began work on the final MS. He has been writing every day since without the break of a single day, beginning between four and five in the morning and working till midday. In Rome the servants of the apartment below the one he occupied came to the conclusion that his room had been fitted up as a chapel, for at whatever time they rose there was always a light burning.

Since the publication of "The Christian" Mr. Hall Caine has spent more time in Rome than anywhere else. He has studied closely and ceaselessly the city and its people, from the Vatican to the rag-market. He has soaked himself in the atmosphere of the Eternal City, lived its life, dived deep into its depths. It is no mean compliment to the accuracy of his knowledge and the appeal of his story, that Signor Maggiorino Ferraris, the editor of the *Nuova Antologia*, the foremost reveiew in Italy, has shown great anxiety to publish "The Eternal City" in his columns, and has arranged that the story shall follow the novel of the Italian author Fogozarro as the first serial by a foreign author ever published in the magazine. Signor Rossi, editor of the Venetian *Adriatico*, lately said in an article on Mr. Hall Caine that no foreign author had ever taken half his pains to learn Italy. Signor Cortesi said the same in a letter from Rome.

It must not, however, be imagined that "The Eternal City" is a novel merely of Italian life. It deals with a world theme. I have read no more of the story than has been published, but I am able to quote the motto on the title-page: "He looked for a city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God." I shall not be surprised if that tells a good deal about the motive. When Mr. Hall Caine first decided upon the central idea, he had thought of setting his story in London or Paris or New York. He tried all cities, and found them impossible. The civil and social conception which is behind the story had its rightful home in the Third Italy. To Mr. Hall Caine Rome is typical of the new democracy. According to his observation, the force which in the past century has most vigorously asserted itself is the power of the peoples, wide, liberal, and democratic, in contrast with the absolute power of the kings. But over the new power that has destroyed the reality of absolutism continues the pomp and ostentation of the old order of things, and not only continues, but daily attempts to gain a new vigour, a resurrection by three systems, in which Mr. Hall Caine recognises the re-incarnation of the Philistines against the modern Samson, who stands for the right of the people—imperialism, militarism, and the question of temporal power.

"The Eternal City" is the story of how Christian Democracy fights against the old order. Mr. Hall Caine holds that there should come a compact between Democracy and the Church, because it is certain that if the Church will not go on with the people, the people will go on without the Church. Rome is the metropolis of the Christian world, not only by reason of its religious connections, but also by reason of its geographical position, its history, its glorious traditions, the fascination of its art, and the mystery of eternal life which pervades and surrounds it. Rome alone seems to Mr. Hall Caine the city worthy, in the dawn of an immense social revolution, to be the heart and soul of humanity, renewing itself in hopes and aspirations now, and promising in the future pacific civil and moral glory.

Rome, therefore, is the scene of the new novel; in Rome is the interest of the problem and of the narration doubly accentuated. Roma is also the name of the heroine of the love story, one of those fatal women who in all great ages and great countries seem to be the truest incarnation of a great symbolical name.

Although Mr. Hall Caine is definite in his statement that "The Eternal City" contains no portraits of living people, I think I am betraying no confidence when I say that he had in his mind's eye, when picturing Roma, a woman of extraordinary fascination and power, whose influence has more than once done something to mould the destinies of Empire. That is, at all events, a very common report in Rome.

Of Mr. Hall Caine's future plans little can be said. He has in his safe a "Life of Christ," written many years ago but which he has refused to print, although he has received enticing offers from various publishers. Some months ago he re-read the work but he is still undecided as to making it public. The idea of the life is not to discuss theories or to expound ideas, but to present vividly a human biography, to give as actual and personal a picture from the point of belief, as Renan's was from the point of unbelief. Mr. Hall Caine has lately been profoundly moved by Professor Harnack's "Das Wesen des Christenthums," and it was, indeed, after reading this book that he determined to consider once more the question of his own "Life of Christ."

Having quoted, on my own responsibility, the interviewer's account of Mr. Hall Caine's methods of work, let me conclude, at the author's request, with his own summary of his profession:

"Of all the literary cants that I despise and hate," he says, "the one I hate and despise the most is that which would have the world believe that greatly gifted men who have become distinguished in literature and are earning thousands a year by it, and have no public existence and no apology apart from it, hold it in pity as a profession and in contempt as an art. For my own part, I have found the profession of letters a serious pursuit, of which in no company and in no country have I had need to be ashamed. It has demanded all my powers, fired all my enthusiasm, developed my sympathies, enlarged my friendships, touched, amused, soothed, and comforted me. If it has been hard work, it has also been a constant inspiration, and I would not change it for all the glory and more than all the emoluments of the best-paid and the most illustrious profession in the world."

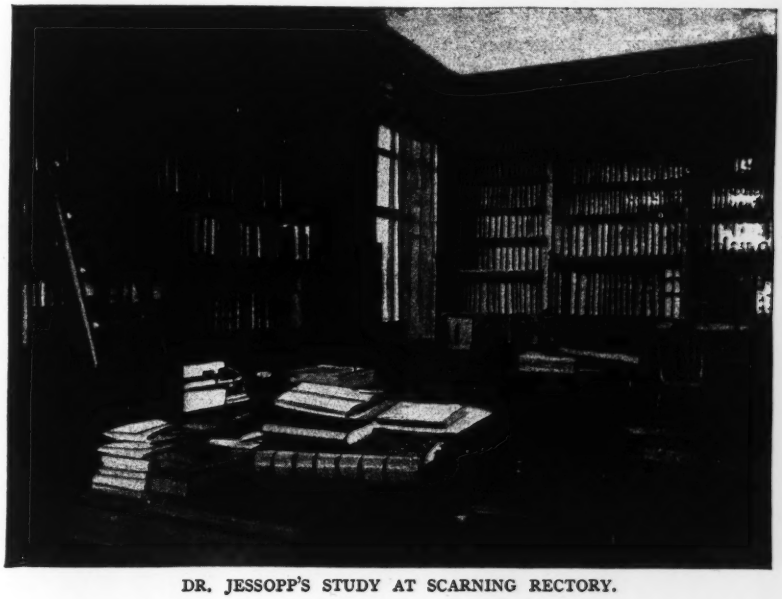
J. E. HODDER WILLIAMS.

DR. JESSOPP.

SOME years ago the country was agreeably reminded of the fact that in a little Norfolk village, in the country of Borrow and Cowper, there was living a clergyman who could write, and feel, and address his readers in the language of the scholar and the thinker. This discovery was so surprising, and so unusual, that the directors of the Church, being quite unable to deal with it, decided, with a wise passivity, that Dr. Jessopp, the clergyman in question, must be left at Scarning to ponder on the dangers of literature and the deadly sin of liveliness. So "the Doctor," now an honorary Canon of Norwich, remains at Scarning Rectory, from which he now and then gives us fresh evidence that he is as impenitent a disciple of the gospel of free speech as ever. The Church, on her part, has added her testimony that she cares nothing for learning or originality, and Lord Salisbury has gone on making any number of fussy deans and mediocre bishops. This is the way of the ecclesiastical world, and Canon Jessopp, I suspect, is too happy in his little parish to quarrel with it.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF DR. JESSOPP.

And yet here is a pastor of taste and learning, a successful schoolmaster, a writer of distinction, an old Edinburgh Reviewer, a man of piety and feeling, a notable preacher with a voice as fine as Mr. Gladstone's or Mr. Spurgeon's, for whom the Church has no use in her broader ways, and who must end a blameless life in a country church, every corner of which may thrill to notes as full and sonorous as ever woke the echoes in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's. I have my personal grievance in the matter, for Dr. Jessopp is my old schoolmaster, and among many memories of days that brought little but happiness, I still recall, with something of a shudder, a certain awful hour when the "Doctor" leant over my shoulder and discovered a fault in a copy of iambics which I was doing for an examination paper. I knew the fault, but in my small mind had decided that it must stand as a legitimate example of "poetic license." So for the first and last time in my life I met the Doctor's majestic front and wrathful eye without quailing. How I did it, I cannot to this day imagine. I fancy it must have been a purple kind of transgression, for its memory haunts me to this hour. And in spite of it, or perhaps because of it, I feel it to be a slight on my boyhood that my old friend and schoolmaster is not Dean of Norwich at the very least. He *ought* to be Archbishop of Canterbury.

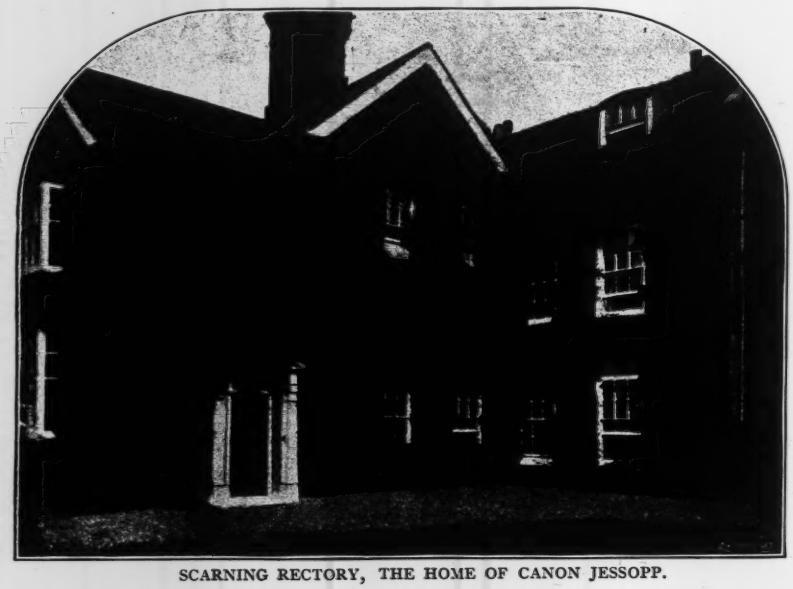


DR. JESSOPP'S STUDY AT SCARNING RECTORY.

Dr. Jessopp has written many books, whose most distinct value to the lover of literature is the way in which they have revealed the value of a criticism of life from a quarter from which so little criticism ever comes. Imagine Charles Lamb, with an antiquarian bias, set down in a country rectory, and you get some idea of Dr. Jessopp's literary method. It is a method of remarkable freshness and power, the scholar playing easily and eloquently with his subject, and breaking out again in the strain of eloquence which one misses so much from modern speech. I take as an example this passage from the essay on "Daily Life in a Mediæval Monastery," in "The Coming of the Friars," in which the writer deals with modern attempts to revive the conventual life:

"Yes, that age has passed away for ever. History repeats itself, it is true, but history will not bear mimicry. In every melody that wakes the echoes there is repetition, and this note and that, the same single sound, is heard again and again; but the glorious intertwinings of the several parts, the subtle fugues and merry peals of laughter that "flash along the chords and go,' the wail of the minor, as if crying for the theme that has vanished and yet will re-appear—'like armies whispering where great echoes be'—these things are not mere repetitions; they are messages from the

Eternal Father to the sons of men reminding them that the world moves on. Merely to ape the past, and to attempt to reproduce in the nineteenth century the tree that had taken a millennium to grow into its maturity in the thirteenth and



SCARNING RECTORY, THE HOME OF CANON JESSOPP.

was rudely cut down root and branch in the sixteenth, is about as wise as it would be to try and make us sing the Hallelujah Chorus in unison."

It seems to me that we get little writing like this, and that the Church of England never more needed the liberal spirit which it breathes, and which the mediævalists who command its immediate future have done their best to eliminate. This sane view, the view of a man devoted to his Church—and only aiming to see her strengthened by reform, by more freedom for the clergy, more power of self-government for the laity, a qualification of the rector's absolute fixity of tenure, and a more steady, just, and sane guardianship of the material treasures of the Church—her cathedrals, her churches, her corporate funds—obtains little enough expression in these latter days. Pity indeed that one of its chief exponents has never been put in a position to give authority to his opinions!

Dr. Jessopp's literary work—apart from such charming books and essays as "Arcady, for Better, for Worse," "The Trials of a Country Parson," and "The Coming of the Friars," his reviewing for the "Edinburgh" and his contributions to the Dictionary of National Biography—is serious and original, and is the fruit of long years of highly specialised study. I don't know whether the readers of THE BOOKMAN are acquainted with the quarto volume which Canon Jessopp published by subscription in 1870, called "One Generation of a Norfolk House." It was, I think, while writing this story of the Walpole family that the author had his curious vision of an Elizabethan ecclesiastic sitting, as it seemed to him, opposite his work-table in Lord Oxford's study, a projection of the mind to which his paper describing it in the *Athenæum* gave famous vogue as a "ghost story." "One Generation of a Norfolk House" is really an important and solid contribution to the religious history of the reign of Elizabeth, the result of ten years of research on the last fifteen years of that reign, when the Queen's hand was being forced along the lines of persecution by the Papacy and the Spanish-Roman party. It is a very fair, a very luminous, and a very brilliant account of those troubled years, and I should say that its value to students has of late years rather increased than decreased.

But perhaps Canon Jessopp's strongest claim to recognition in the field of original research is his insistence on the importance of the Manor Court Rolls of the fourteenth century as a clue to the social history of England in the Middle Ages. M. Jusserand and other scholars have since followed Canon Jessopp on the lines of these patient investigations, but I should say, without, of course, presuming to speak with authority, that the honour of the discovery belongs to him, and that the whole tendency of modern historical research has, if anything, added to its importance. More in touch with the hour has been Dr. Jessopp's constant plea for a separation between the clergyman's calling and his position as a landowner and administrator of property. His plea has always been: "Take away from the clergy their personal ownership of lands and houses, vest church property in trustees, and thus relieve the parson of the constant burden of dealing with dilapidations, while you free him for his spiritual work."

The rewards for this life of diligent scholarship and personal service have been small enough. Canon Jessopp was for years the headmaster of Norwich Grammar School, the school of Nelson, and in later years, of Rajah Brooke of Sarawak, and of many another worthy. He has been select preacher at both Universities. Since he came to distinction, Oxford and Cambridge have both tendered him the unique honour of an honorary fellowship. His Church has alone been ungrateful, and has passed by perhaps the most delightful of its literary ornaments, one of the most invigorating and original of its preachers, and a member at least of the band of original workers in English history of whom Stubbs and Creighton were the leaders. It is very characteristic. But is it not also a little pitiful and disgraceful?

A SWAIN OF ARCADY.

The Frontispiece of one of Dr. Jessopp's books, reproduced by kind permission of the publisher, Mr. Fisher Unwin.

H. W. MASSINGHAM.

NEW BOOKS.

THE CLOISTER AND THE STAGE.*

What I should like would be to read this story in French, with a preface by M. Bourget. It is one story in two volumes —an infinite labour, a way of looking at the world which is not English, a remarkable piece of life and attempt to analyse the modern soul to its finest fibre. When "Evelyn Innes" first came out, there were audacities in the description that we shall not find now. Mr. Moore has reflected, rewritten; the changes seem to imply that strong lights can be managed without certain strokes of realism; and that although you may not paint Ethiopians lilywhite, your black need not be soot. So much the better. Still, not a little is left which one would gladly see away. And the good as well

MR. GEORGE MOORE.
From a painting by Manet.
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as the bad of these characters will strike London readers with a strangeness which, I fancy, critics have felt before in Mr. Moore's writing. He is excessively, provokingly, un-English. The movement to which he belongs, but in an original way of his own, winds hither and thither, from the Goncourts to Tolstoy, but always outside our conventions. In this book he has drawn several groups, of which not a single member is middle-class or commonplace; even Sir Owen Asher would put in his claim to a niche among the creations of Balzac; and all the others are Wagnerian, old musical Italian, Celt or Catholic. What will the average Briton make of them who knows as much (that is to say, as little) of lyric drama as of mystic theology, and who looks on the convent as an asylum for old maids? I think he will be out of his bearings on these waters which he has never explored.

To M. Bourget, however, it would appear, unless I mistake, that style, treatment, subject, were distinctly marked by the preoccupations which, during the last twenty years, have shaped French literature and given it a tone. There is the intense, vibrating prose, not classical but nervous, concrete, plastic, which has forgotten, or never knew, its schoolbooks. There is the handling as before students of anatomy which brings into the drawing-room a case of surgical instruments. There is the Christian philosophy of sin deduced, —M. Bourget would argue,—quite inevitably from the experience of lawless pleasure. There is the decadent turned penitent, à la Huysmans. We begin on the stage, we end in the cloister. And the agnostic is beaten at his own devices; by carrying his argument one step forward, we bring him to the church-door. It is all very subtle, tired, melancholy, passionate, pessimist. The longer we look the more we feel that there is only one character on the boards, and that a woman. Evelyn Innes makes her own world, first and last; she sins, she is unhappy, she repents; she is still unhappy, but she will not go back to her sin. Told in a different dialect, with sterner reticence, it would be a page from the "Lives of the Saints." To tell it in the language of Paris at the end of the nineteenth century was a bold undertaking. Has it succeeded? I judge so. Yet Mr. Moore has hinted the question that some will be asking; has that which was sown a corruptible body been raised a spiritual glory? For innocent creatures like Sister Veronica, the tale might scarcely be advisable. It is not convent-music.

Having an English audience in his eye, Mr. Moore allows the good nuns to speak at times as they never do speak; there is not a nun in Christendom who would talk of "the Virgin," or of "taking the veil." I should be reluctant myself to write "Imprimatur" at the foot of all Monsignor Mostyn's reasonings; and in the ritual of Extreme Unction a detail is described which no one ever practises. The convent discipline, also, is much more strictly kept than casual readers might imagine from a little scene here or there. Trifles! Yes, to the knowing; not to the great, simple, babyish public that has seen nuns merely on the stage. If all we care about in a book is the living soul at odds with destiny, and by sheer choice of the better at length victorious over itself, "Sister Teresa" deserves to be read and remembered. It states the problem squarely, and resolves it affirmatively; "Life is the will of God, and to enter into the will of God we must forget ourselves; we must try to live outside ourselves in the general life." Those who want humour, picturesque surprises, brilliant society gossip, will go elsewhere. But when I had arrived at the last page, I thought of the word attributed to Bishop Dupanloup concerning a novel not unlike this: "'Madame Bovary?'" said the Bishop to Dumas, "ah, Monsieur, for a priest that has heard confessions 'Madame Bovary' is a masterpiece."

WILLIAM BARRY.

* "Evelyn Innes." By George Moore. Popular Edition. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)
"Sister Teresa." By George Moore. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

IMPERIAL LONDON.*

Here is another large volume (five hundred and twenty pages for twelve and six, with excellent sketches by Mr. Hanslip Fletcher) having for intention the survey of London, its history, its present appearance, its people and its manners. Mainly it appears to be intended for the American public, and with it young novelists of the United States, finding every square inch of their own country staked out by adult writers, will be able to write stories with a London background; they will betray a want of first-hand knowledge only when they make constables speak with an Irish accent or permit their typewriting heroine to take a yellow omnibus to Hammersmith. For everything is not in this book, just because no book is large enough to contain every fact about the big town; just as life itself is not sufficiently long to learn the place thoroughly. Here, nevertheless, are thousands of items not known to the average person, from a full and detailed description of Marlborough House—"the charming *salle-de-réception*," writes Mr. Beavan, partly in the French language, "is daily converted into a cheerful breakfast room, where breakfast is served from ten o'clock to half-past ten" (late hours, late hours!), "and where, when absolutely *en famille*, the Royal party have luncheon and even dinner"—down to accurate data concerning London pigeons, "Greedy they are to an alarming extent, and if sharing any favourite food with the sparrows, say at a cab-stand, the pigeons are certain to be the last to rise and escape any threatened

* "Imperial London." By Arthur H. Beavan. 12s. 6d. (J. M. Dent and Co.)

danger." Table talk at Boston will be enriched by a study of this volume. "The coach house of Marlborough House is not so imposing as one might expect, but the want of space forbade the architect making it larger." One cannot, then, blame the architect. "In all the Government Departments there is a general similarity of arrangement, sets of rooms, each with its *salle d'attente* where obliging messengers direct belated visitors how to reach their destination along the endless corridors and passages." Good to think that provision is made for belated visitors calling at the Scotch Education Office with tips for finishing the war in South Africa. The American Ambassador's house at No. 1, Carlton House Terrace is, says Mr. Beavan caustically, "somewhat lacking in ornaments—and shall we say feminine trifles?—that go to make a place look home-like." The author recollects "wonderfully comfortable rooms in Lincoln's Inn Fields, commanding a surprisingly open view of London, where the cosiest of old-fashioned dinners used to be given,

HOLYWELL STREET, THE FAMOUS "BOOKSELLERS' ROW," NOW IN COURSE OF DEMOLITION.

From "Imperial London." By Arthur H. Beavan. Illustrated by Hanslip Fletcher.

and rare vintages of port sparkled and glowed with the advent of the walnuts and filberts." If this book goes into the State of Maine, the publishers will be well advised to delete the word "port" and insert "gingerade." "On Saturdays and on Sunday mornings the New Cut literally swarms with poor people intent on cheap marketing, so that walking on the pavement is for the mere *flâneur* almost an impossibility"; this is less to be deplored, seeing that the *flâneur* of the New Cut is generally what Mr. Beavan would call a *voleur*.

"In the courtyard of the Bank of England may often be seen vans laden with uninteresting-looking ingots of silver, or with bars of gold that individually measure 8 by 3 by 1 inches, worth about £800 each: too heavy, however, to be walked off with." This, surely, is striking a pessimistic note; one's first, ingenious hopes are, by the latter part of the sentence, dashed and broken. Information about the Tower of London will interest Mr. Pierpont Morgan, but even an intending purchaser may find difficulty at first with the following sentence:

"A railed-in space within the garden on Tower Hill contains a spot marked by a stone where the first permanent gibbet was set up by Edward IV., and which became the usual place for State executions, and there the said Duke suffered as so many had before him, and as others were destined to suffer, until, with the decapitation of Lord Lovat in the reign of George II., they came to an end."

All said and done, "Imperial London" is a wonderful result of good, hard labour and careful verification of facts. It is distinctly a book of nineteen hundred and one; it gives its information in a readable manner, and the present amateur critic, confessing that he has not been able to find error in any of the particulars, begs to say, quite frankly, that he is very glad to place the book in his small library.

W. PETT RIDGE.

ORSI'S MODERN ITALY.*

The nineteenth century was an heroic age for one country in Europe. We may smile—and, more, if we will—at Signor Orsi's dictum that "it would be difficult to find in the history of any other people a period so replete with great men as Italy offered in the first half of the nineteenth century"; it is nevertheless true that the patriotism, prudence, and valour which made Italy a nation afford the descendants of her deliverers every motive for pride aud thankfulness. The fear of every friend of Italy has of late been lest the work of the creators of Italian unity should be undone by degenerate successors. Signor Orsi's narrative should perform a useful work in reminding the present generation of Italians how their independence was gained, and indicating how it is to be preserved. It may be somewhat mortifying to acknowledge the emptiness of the vaunt "L'Italia farà da se"; to realise that nothing could have been effected without the sympathy of Liberal Europe; and that this could not have been obtained without the leadership of the House of Savoy. But these things are none the less true, and if the Italians of the present day are wise they will continue to regard the Savoy dynasty as the palladium of their independence. With a great unfriendly military power on the frontier, and the Papal question still unsolved, the day has not arrived when it is no more possible to speak of the dismemberment of Italy than of the dismemberment of Russia.

Signor Orsi is in general so fair that it can only be by inadvertence that he twice represents English policy in a light unjustly disadvantageous. He says that England laboured to separate Sicily from Naples from the egotistical expectation that the Sicilian tariff would be more favourable to her than the Neapolitan. So far from this, England, at the time to which Signor Orsi refers, was pressing upon the King of Naples the adoption of the only measures which would have enabled him to retain Sicily. At the time this policy seemed reasonable, but Mr. Gladstone's exposure of Neapolitan atrocities rendered persistence in it impossible. Signor Orsi's acknowledgment of Italy's debt to Mr. Gladstone is ample; it is surprising, however, that Lord Palmerston should be named only once, and then merely as an eulogist of Cavour.

Another point which demands criticism is the assertion that Italian troops "were sent to occupy Massouah with the idea of pleasing and perhaps of assisting England, then planning the conquest of the Soudan." It is notorious that there was nothing to which the English Ministers of 1885 were more averse than the conquest of the Soudan. The expedition which public opinion had compelled them to despatch for the relief of Gordon had just failed, and they desired nothing more fervently than to wash their hands of the country for ever.

It is curious that the name of Charles Albert's Polish general should be invariably given as Czarnowsky instead of Chrzanowski. Mr. Senior's conversations with this unlucky officer shows that he was at all events a man of information and *esprit*.

Some of Signor Orsi's errors in Italian history have been pointed out in other quarters, and need not be dwelt upon here. They do not interfere with the substantial merit of his able and seasonable book, any more than a clear and spirited translation is marred by a few Americanisms. One especial

* "Modern Italy, 1748-1898." By Pietro Orsi, Professor of History, Venice. Story of Nations, Vol. 54. 5s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

BLACK TOM'S COTTAGE,

Where Pete Quilliam was born.

"Up in the thatched cottage behind the water-trough, on potatoes and herrings and barley bonnag, lived Bridget and her little Pete."
—"The Manxman."

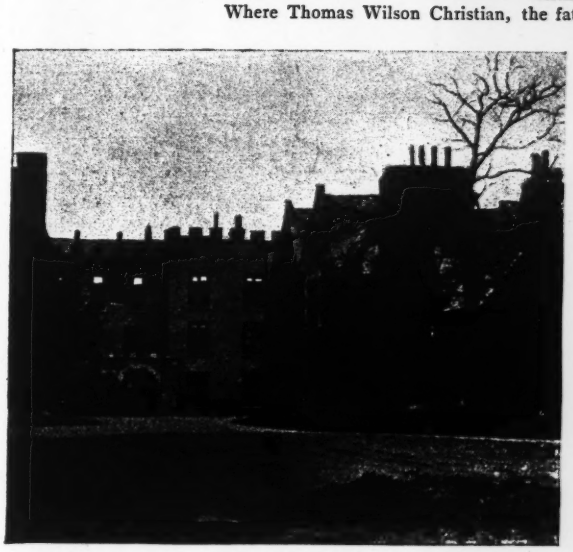
KIRK CHRIST, LEZAYRE,

Where Pete Quilliam and Kate Cregeen were married.

"Over the gateway to the churchyard there was an arch of flowers and evergreens, with an inscription in coloured letters: 'God bless the happy pair.' The sloping path going down as to a dell was strewn with gilvers and slips of fuchsia. At the bottom stood the old church mantled in ivy, like a rock of the sea covered by green moss."
—"The Manxman."

KIRK MAUGHOLD,

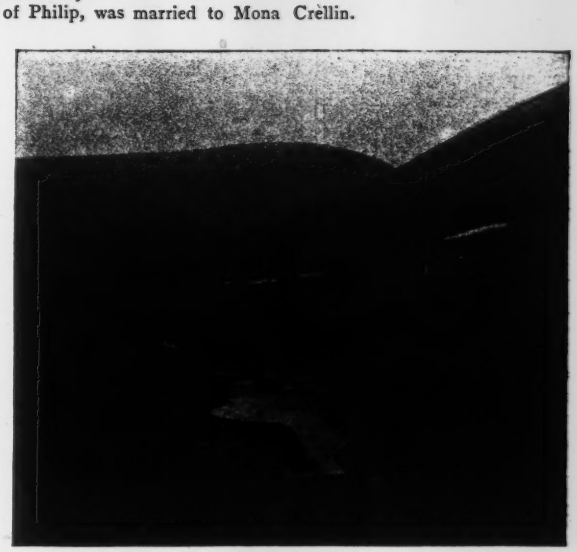
Where Thomas Wilson Christian, the father of Philip, was married to Mona Crellin.



BISHOP'S COURT,

Where Daniel Mylrea lived as a child.

"He had come up to Bishop's Court, on the sea front, and there the Bishop's library stood out from the body of the old house, between the chapel porch and the kitchen offices. A light was in the library, and passing over the soft grass with the soft flight of a lapwing, Danny peered in at the curtainless window."—"The Deemster."



SULBY GLEN.

"Sulby Glen is winding, soft, rich, sweet, and exquisitely beautiful. A thin thread of blue water, laughing, babbling, brawling, whooping, leaping, gliding, and stealing down from the mountains; great boulders worn smooth and ploughed hollow by the wash of ages; . . . . and over all the sun peering down with a hundred eyes into the dark and slumbrous gloom, and the breeze singing somewhere up in the tree-tops to the voice of the river below."—"The Manxman."

A PAGE OF PICTURES ILLUSTRATING SCENES FROM MR. HALL CAINE'S NOVELS.

Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Hall Caine from the limited Edition de Luxe of "The Manxman," published in America.

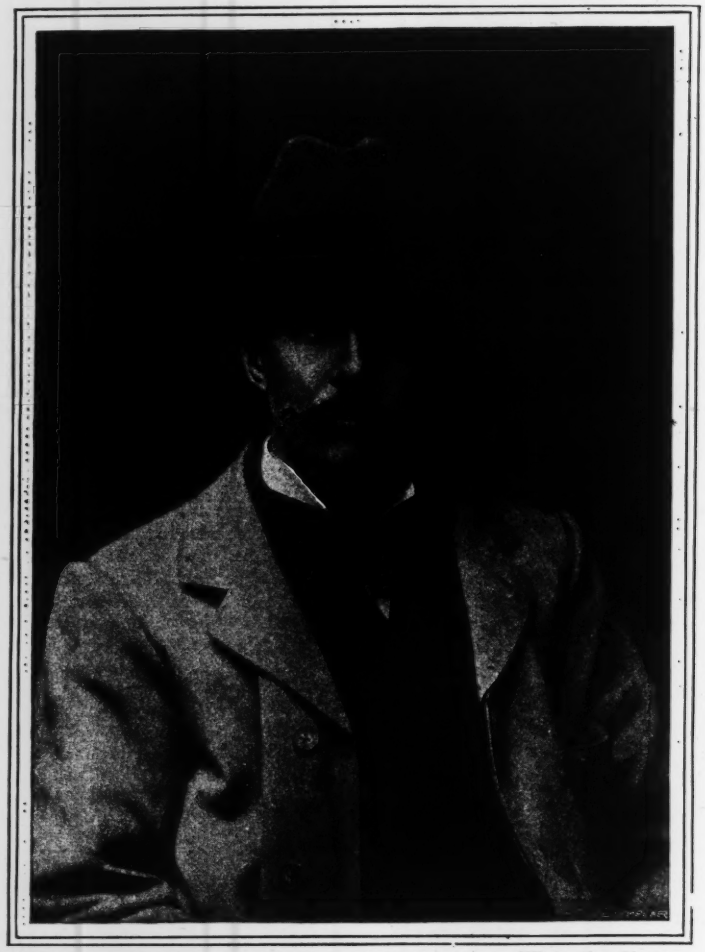
merit is the attention devoted to the comparatively unexciting period of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century, when the seeds of nationality and independence were sown.

RICHARD GARNETT.

THE NEW MUNRO.*

It is greatly to the credit of Mr. Neil Munro that already he has a school of admirers, though not yet of imitators, who look forward to a new work by him as eagerly as did the adorers of the "golden art" that reached perfection in the Raeburnian portrait of Braxfield. The Munroites of the inner circle are quite as enthusiastic as the Stevensonians, and quite as exacting, equally ready to swear by and to swear at their favourite. I am doubtful whether in their hearts — whatever they may do or refrain from doing with their tongues and their pens—such Munroites will place "Doom Castle" on the same shelf with "The Lost Pibroch" and "Gilian the Dreamer." It is not all compact of West Highland tragedy like the one, or of West Highland mists and mysticism like the other. But the ordinary Saxon critic, who is grateful to Mr. Munro as he is grateful to Mr. Barrie for illuminating Scottish history and character, and who subscribes to the dictum of Mr. Andrew Lang that in "The Lost Pibroch" there is displayed a "genius as obvious and as undeniable as that of Mr. Kipling," will compare "Doom Castle" with "John Splendid." And he will come to the conclusion that in point of movement, of variety of mood and passion, of that reality which is as indubitably three-fourths of romance as conduct is three-fourths of life, it marks a distinct and remarkable advance upon its true predecessor. "Doom Castle" is a "rattling good story," and indeed it is the first "rattling good story" Mr. Munro has written. There is no question as to the rattle; the book is alive with the hail of bullets, the clash of swords, the duel of passion, the development of intrigue. The bulk, too, of the men and at least one of the women are flesh and blood. It takes Victor Jean, Comte de Montaiglon, the nominal hero of the story, all his time, it is true, to be much more than a first-class walking gentleman. But the dismal Baron of Doom is an admirable example of the prematurely "done" gentleman of the old Highland school, bereaved of wife and "cause," but not of honour or dignity; and Mungo Boyd, the Fifeshire serving-man, with his temper and his dialect, is at least full cousin to Andrew Fairservice. And, above all, there is Simon (familiarly Sim) McTaggart, chamberlain to the Duke of Argyll, traitor, sensualist, compound of "Melancholy Jacques" and "damn'd Iago." "Who will say that man's fate is in his own fingers? From the day I breathed I got no chance. A clean and decent road's before me, and a comrade for it, and I'm in the mood to take it, and here's the glaur about my feet. I wonder what Monsieur there would do in a plight like mine! Lord! I envy him to be sitting there and never a skeleton tugging at his sleeve." This is Sim's philosophy. It is as false as everything else in the life of a man who is sincere in nothing except perhaps his love of the flageolet. But it saves him from being absolutely repulsive. Then Mrs. Kate Petullo, although she makes love to her Sim too much in the style of the importunate courtesan, has force of character—which Olivia Lamond, a bread-and-butter miss before her time, has not—and so it is immaterial whether she is a reality of experience or a product of Mr. Munro's brain and studio, whether, as Mr. Courthope might say, she is the universalisation of the individual, or the individualisation of the universal. But the chief merit of "Doom Castle" is the skill with which Mr. Munro develops his plot. Montaiglon comes to Scotland to unmask a Jacobite scoundrel and swindler, and takes nearly 400 pages, of which the reader never tires, to accomplish the task. Altogether, there is more promise of success for Mr. Munro as a romancist in "Doom Castle" than in anything else he has written. He has still a weakness for Stevensonism in phraseology—of the R. A. M. rather than the R. L. variety—such as "the high rumour of the sea-breakers." But his style will soon be as direct as his method of plot-construction is already.

WILLIAM WALLACE.



From a new Photo by] MR. NEIL MUNRO. *[Warneuke, Glasgow.*

* "Doom Castle." By Neil Munro. 6s. (Blackwood.)

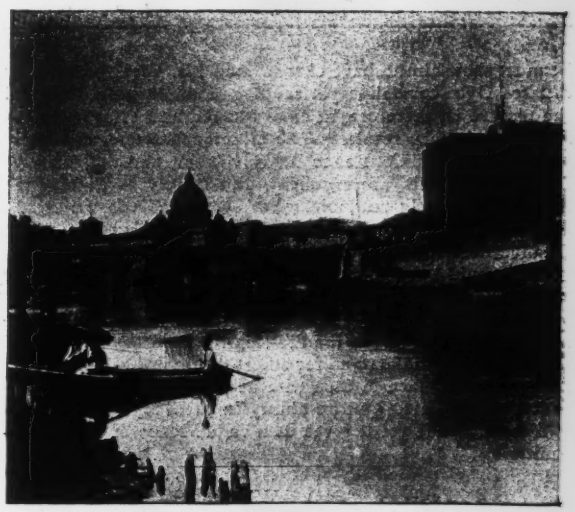
MR. GISSING'S NEW NOVEL.*

Mr. Gissing is too kind or too cruel to "our friend the Charlatan." If Lashmar behaved as it appears he did to the two women, May and Constance, he should have been left writhing under the lash of Constance's tongue and for ever disgraced, instead of having another woman's life given into his hands. If poverty and the responsibility of Iris's happiness were enough to cure him, then he was not the villain he occasionally appears in these pages. He only shuffled with the women, with an eye to the main chance; and omitted some quotation marks now and then—was not, in short, a person of strong moral constitution, but hardly the complete Charlatan. We think Mr. Gissing's hand has shaken in painting Dyce Lashmar's portrait. There are two ways of rightly dealing with a charlatan. The writer, if he happen to dislike him, must subject him to a masterly and unsparing analysis. If he have a sneaking fondness for him, he may draw a veil over portions of his character, but in that case

* "Our Friend the Charlatan." By George Gissing. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

PIAZZA NAVONA, SHOWING DAVID ROSSI'S HOUSE ON THE RIGHT.

"Piazza Navona is the heart and soul of Rome. It lies a central spider in a cobweb of little streets."—"The Eternal City."



CASTEL S. ANGELO COL TEVERE,

Which plays an important part in the latter part of "The Eternal City." The photograph shows the Logia in which Donna Roma was confined.

VIEW OF ROME FROM DONNA ROMA'S STUDIO WINDOW.

"The Mother of Cities lay below in its lightsome whiteness, and over the ridge of its encircling hills the glow of the departing sun was rising in vaporous tints of amber and crimson into the transparent blue, with the dome of St. Peter's, like a celestial balloon, ready to rise into a celestial sky."—"The Eternal City."

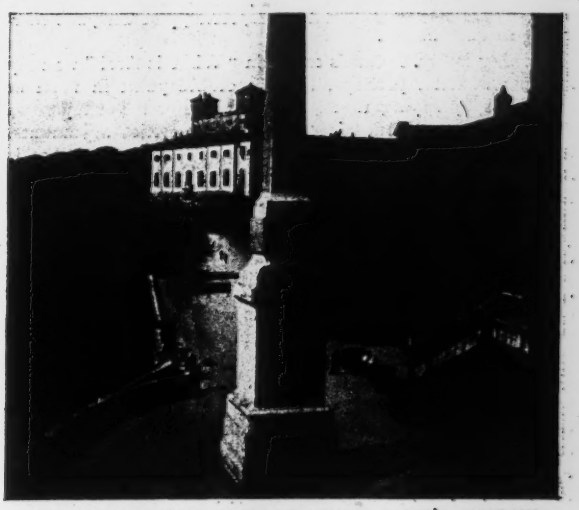
THE HOUSE OF THE FOUR WINDS.

In this house Mr. Hall Caine lived while in Rome, and here he has placed the home of his heroine, Donna Roma.

"At the top of the steps there stands a house, four square to all the winds, and looking every way over Rome. The sun rises and sets on it, the odour of the flowers comes up to it from the piazza, and the music of the band comes down to it from the Pincio. Donna Roma occupied two floors of this house."—"The Eternal City."

HOCKEY IN THE VILLA BORGHESE.

Mr. Hall Caine's one recreation in Rome was an occasional game of hockey in the Villa Borghese.



THE OBELISK VIEW FROM MR. HALL CAINE'S WINDOW.

A PAGE OF PHOTOGRAPHS ILLUSTRATING MR. HALL CAINE'S LIFE IN ROME, AND SCENES CONNECTED WITH "THE ETERNAL CITY."

From photographs by William Ellis Scull, Esq., kindly supplied by Mr. Hall Caine.

he must show him to have charm. Now Mr. Gissing evidently dislikes Dyce cordially; yet shuffles in unmasking him, and the picture is, therefore, at once blurred and disagreeable—an unsatisfactory result. The minor characters, especially the clever, blunt Constance, Lady Ogram, and the sensitive Lord Dymchurch, are excellent, and merely as a story the book is eminently readable. Yet even here the writer has shirked something, or otherwise missed a strong effect. The detailed description of an election with a candidate of Dyce's stamp should have been particularly entertaining. Just how far he hoaxed the electors, and how far they found him out, would have borne being told at far greater length and more dramatically. A few of the drawing-room scenes might have been spared to make room for others in which Lashmar would have appeared face to face with actual work. There is too much of Mr. Gissing's rare ability in the book for us to call it a failure; but yet it gives us a vague sense of lost opportunities.

A. MACDONELL.

TOLSTOY AND HIS PROBLEMS.*

It is not at all easy to review Mr. Aylmer Maude's volume, for the simple reason that his attitude towards Tolstoy is neither that of a critic who is trying to explain Tolstoyism as a natural growth of the Russian spirit under certain conditions of Russian civilisation, nor is it that of a pure disciple of Tolstoy's teaching.

"Each essay in this volume expresses, in one form or other, Tolstoy's view of life, and the main object of the book is not to praise his views, but explain them. His positions, not being final revelations of the truth attainable by man, may and should be subjected to criticism, and to re-examination from other points of view."—*Preface.*

But Mr. Maude does not himself "subject Tolstoy's views to criticism" or "re-examine them from other points of view," and the reviewer is therefore left to the uncomfortable alternatives of either having to attack Tolstoy for Mr. Aylmer Maude's views, or of having to attack Mr. Maude for Tolstoy's views, both of which lines seem a little irrational. Let us therefore first say a word of praise, so that we may not be charged with a desire to find fault. The best essay in the book, to our mind, is on "The Doukhobors: A Russian Exodus," an essay in which Mr. Maude explains with much clearness and sympathy the moral characteristics of this much persecuted body of Russian dissenters. Mr. Maude says very happily:

". . . They have managed their affairs better than their neighbours have done; with no army or police, they have suffered little from crimes of violence; and without priests or ministers, they have had more practical religion and more intelligible guidance for their spiritual life. Without doctors or medicine or bacteriologist (though ignorant even of the first principles of ventilation), they have been, on the average, healthier and stronger than most other races. Without political economists, wealth among them has been better distributed, and they have (apart from the effects of persecution) suffered far less from extremes of wealth and poverty. Without lawyers or written laws, they have settled their disputes. Without books, they have educated their children to be industrious, useful, peaceable, and God-fearing men and women."

Turning to Mr. Maude's essay on "What is Art?" we may indicate what is, perhaps, the vulnerable point in most of his essays by saying that he seeks to defend Tolstoy from critical attacks without in fact meeting the critics' arguments. It is quite evident to every intelligent reader of "What is Art?" that Tolstoy, in condemning the works of Sophocles, Euripides, Aeschylus and Aristophanes; Milton, Shakespeare, Raphael, Michael Angelo; Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Verlaine; Mallarmé, and Puvis de Chavannes (page 122, "What is Art?"), is engaged in building up a special religious *theory* as to what Art *should be.* "It is necessary to decide the next question, Does this work belong to the category of bad exclusive art opposed to religious perception, or to Christian art, uniting people?" says Tolstoy (page 174). Now, to condemn Shakespeare, Sophocles, and Puvis de Chavannes because their art is "opposed to religious perception" in Totstoy's eyes, shows us art need not be Christian at all (as we very well know), because the world has been as much "united" by Shakespeare's art as by the art of the Bible. Yet Tolstoy would reject that which the world is united in accepting! Mr. Maude, indeed, shows inadvertently in the following words that he has not even suspected the real point at issue between Tolstoy and his critics: "*There are many people—men and women—who are to-day perplexed how to act in relation to art. For themselves, for their children, and for the people, they desire guidance*" (p. 127). But the attitude that these worthy and waiting people may subsequently decide to assume towards art does not really affect the question as to what art *is* in the slightest. Art existed thousands and thousands of years before these worthy people arrived with their "perplexity" about it. And the fact that these excellent people want the matter settled for them on certain "broad principles" should hint to them that, not carrying any strong artistic instincts within themselves, they are quite incompetent to judge what art is by their excellent Christian tests. Their "artistic perplexity" in the matter merely proves that they are yearning for an *ethical* test.

EDWARD GARNETT.

* "Tolstoy and his Problems." Essays by Aylmer Maude. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

MR. LILLY ON THE RENAISSANCE. *

Studies in the *Quarterly Review*, which dealt with Erasmus, Luther, Reuchlin, and Sir Thomas More, have been wrought up in this lively and often eloquent volume to a treatise, of the historico-philosophical sort, on the Renaissance. It has the qualities which his audience desires in anything from Mr. Lilly's pen,—wide and scholarly reading, decided views, an easy style, and the touch of polemic awakened by questions that never can grow obsolete. There is much to instruct the man who has no time for consulting libraries; if the author's summing up ends on a harsh note, as it does from time to time, the invigorating effect will not be lost on such as in a blind, unintelligent way admire the Humanists and canonise Luther, yet are unable to give a reason when challenged for the faith that is in them. On Erasmus nothing more agreeable has been written since Mr. Froude's Oxford "Lectures," which are shown to be as hopelessly inaccurate as their form was delightful. No one who heard those "Lectures" should fail to compare with them Mr. Lilly's brilliant chapter. He is not made to sympathise with reformers and iconoclasts of the Luther stamp; in estimating this "genial ruffian" (to borrow Mr. Huxley's phrase) one feels that he has travelled scarcely an inch beyond Erasmus; but his narrative cannot be impugned, whatever anyone may feel as regards his accent. The fortune of this tale will lie in the ear of the listener. Reuchlin would be a dull subject but for the "Epistles of Obscure Men"; a few samples from that amusing parody of cloister-Latin might have added to the zest thereof. But I make no attempt to review these chapters at present. They deserve a much fuller consideration. The opening pages on Michael Angelo, reprinted from an earlier work, seem to me, in their insistence on the religious, ascetic, and grandly mediæval lineaments of this meditative spirit, more like the truth than Mr. Symonds's Neo-platonising about him. If we talk of a Christian Renaissance, it is in the master's sonnets and on the roof of the Sistine Chapel that we should look for it, and thither we are guided by Mr. Lilly's discriminating enthusiasm.

WILLIAM BARRY.

THE CRISIS.†

For the general purposes of the story and of romance there is an excellent young hero for this tale of North and South. But the real hero, now a spirit stalking through the pages, now a very realistic flesh-and-blood personality, is Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Churchill sings pæans to his praise, and carries all his readers with him. More than that, he shows the great man in undignified garb and circumstances, and makes his greatness shine through radiantly. But it is a book of many characters—a teeming gallery of humanity, with St. Louis for a background, and love and politics and war to set them singing and dancing and fighting. There is too much, far too much circumstance. The book is needlessly bulky; but it gives us the sense of a period and a people strongly and intimately realised. Among the longer stories that deal with the Civil War only Mr. Nelson Page's can be said to surpass this one.

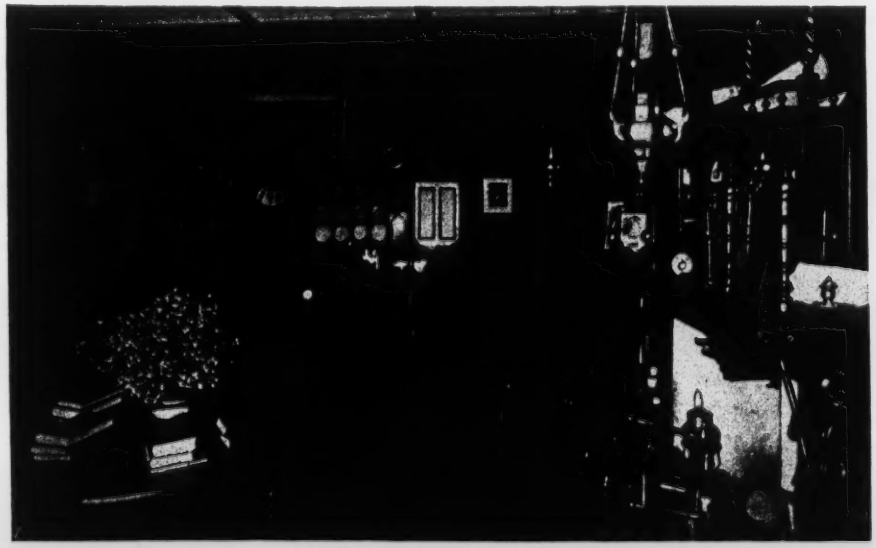
* "Renaissance Types." By W. S. Lilly, Honorary Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge. 16s. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)

† "The Crisis." By Winston Churchill. 6s. (Macmillan.)

From Photo by] GREEBA CASTLE FROM THE VALLEY. *[Cowen, Ramsey, Isle of Man.*

The Manx cottage used as a study stands above the Castle on the extreme left.

From Photo by] MR. HALL CAINE'S STUDY AT GREEBA CASTLE (EXTERIOR). *[Webber, Lancaster.*



THE DRAWING ROOM, GREEBA CASTLE, SHOWING GEORGE ELIOT'S FIREPLACE.

From Photo by Webber, Lancaster.

From Photo by] THE HALL AT GREEBA CASTLE. *[Webber, Lancaster.*

MR. HALL CAINE'S BEAUTIFUL HOME AT GREEBA CASTLE, ISLE OF MAN.

NIGHTMARE OR INSPIRATION.*

Here is midsummer madness of so extraordinary a kind that we hasten to recommend the book to as many readers as we can reach; for the judgment of a great many persons is needed to decide on the meaning and the worth of the thing. There is so much confidence, such superfluous vigour, and such thundering eloquence in the book that not all those who throw it away as intolerable will throw it into the rubbish heap. Absurd it may be—and we think it is—but its absurdity has something sublime about it, and its audacity is magnificent. It is one of the "Strong Man" books. For the most part these are idealisations of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. But Richard Hogarth is not another Rhodes. His dominion extends—or is to extend, for it is a tale of the future—over land and sea. But Europe isn't quite ready for him. Poor Europe! It has indeed had little preparation for embracing so tremendous a saviour, and stabs and beats the regenerator, till he thinks he would like to go back to his blacksmith's forge. (For he had been English yeoman and blacksmith ere Destiny found him.) But finding out that he is a full-blooded Jew, he elects rather to lead the chosen people in Palestine. This he does with extraordinary success, and we see him again there as an old man, like David before the Ark, dancing to the Lord. "With body and arms danced he; and with toe and heel he danced. And he sang a Song of Ages." But, no, we will not give that Song of Ages. Our readers might implicate us in Hogarth's madness. Oh, we haven't hinted at a thousandth part of his adventures or the wonderful things in his career. No cold-blooded Northerner this man, who was made to rule us all, and lead us to the real goal of humanity, but an Oriental; and Mr. Shiel seems to exult in making him as extravagantly Oriental as possible, and in defying all tame conventions in his picture of the man with the "hinnying laugh" and the three black moles on his cheek. Well, Orientals have their moments of exaltation. But they are mostly distinguished for their gravity. However, this isn't a book that admits of discussion for a moment. You must swallow it or cast it away—far away. Is it nightmare or inspiration?

LITERARY IRELAND IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.†

The critic, honestly anxious to help his readers towards some realisation of the truth about Irish feeling and poetry, cannot dwell very long upon the actual contents of this volume. Four-fifths of its literary offerings are not poetry, and the other fifth, though interesting, is not particularly expressive of the higher traits of Irish Ireland. In this department Mr. Yeats perhaps is the poet most arresting to the English lover of poetry, and of himself, considered as a poet pure and simple, his appeal is decisive. Yet to those who possess what we may call the esoteric knowledge of Irish essences and traditions, he often seems but a fascinated foreign visitor, an elusive dreamer of dreams in their familiar regions. They scarcely expect him to interpret, in the poetical and philosophical sense, what they know; but they are curiously interested in seeing what his strange, individual temperament will make of it. If he wrote about Alfred the Great, or the Mermaid Tavern, the English student would have a somewhat similar feeling.

This collection is meant mainly for Englishmen, not for thoughtful Irishmen nor the cultured readers of the Continent. Of itself it can only lengthen the life of narrow views and illusions. Dr. Kuno Meyer reminded a Dublin audience the other day that no German student considers his education complete until he knows something of the Irish language. Knowing the language he naturally proceeds to a more or less prolonged study of Irish literature. Any one who has done this is in a position to estimate the new anthology at its proper worth. He will be driven to declare that in the story of intellectual Ireland it is mostly a side-issue, often haphazard, largely unfortunate. He will see that on the whole it seems to indicate a weakening of Irish vision, a shrinking of Irish imagination, and what will greatly surprise the casual reader of English criticism (the English critic simply knows Irish literature through translations), he will point out that in nine cases out of ten Anglo-Irish poets have a poor sense of form compared with their Gaelic forerunners. The study of many-sided Gaelic (that is to say Irish) Ireland has vast surprises for the people who lightly accepted Renan's dictum that the Celt would never rebuild the Parthenon.

As to contemporary intellectual Ireland, the powerful bilingual movement, the new warmth of spirit and vivid inlook caused by the return to the national speech and literature, and the development of what scientific men might call the deeper Irish "resident forces," have shown the Anglo-Irish literature of the nineteenth century in a relatively narrow and relatively unimportant light. All the same, of course, when real poetry is written by Irishmen in English, or French, or Chinese, for that matter, it is an acceptable thing. But as already stated, four-fifths of this volume are not real poetry.

Mr. Stopford Brooke, in an introduction that has admirable points—though his sphere of vision is too narrow—has not "seized" the expressive fact that in the nineteenth century real Irishmen, though they wrote not a little for passing purposes, gave themselves seriously to literature only in a few instances. The heart seemed to go out of Irish Ireland with the great Famine of 1846-7, and the fate of social and national Ireland in the century as a whole was so grave and grievous, that the sympathetic mind would really think little of the people who could dabble in "art" in the circumstances. The things that touched the heart of Ireland were too painful for literary treatment. One does not sit down by the bedsides or the biers of one's nearest and dearest to make books. Irishmen of the "Pale," and what we may call distant relatives of the Gael, wrote sometimes more or less satisfactorily in English; and though the result to the outsider may seem Irish literature, it leaves Irish Ireland cold. In this new anthology, though there are a few heart-bursts—in the English speech—the poetry is largely that of the Palesman and the "distant relative." To those who have never lost touch with Irish traditions, with the aforesaid resident forces, to those to whom the immemorial ideals of culture, law, spirituality, and feeling are permanent realities, it is indifferent artifice. So few of the writers who knew English well know Ireland well! The bi-lingual Irishman is certainly charmed by Moira O'Neill, moved by Mrs. Shorter in her Irish moods, has his sense of mystery and beauty often quickened by Mr. Yeats, his heart in light as well as pathetic moments is at home with Mr. Fahy, Mr. Boyd's fairy lover haunts him; but—to take casual examples on the other side—Mr. Graves is only a well-meaning performer on a stage-Irish platform incongruously starred with shamrocks, and Ferguson seems to deal but coldly, and sometimes indifferently, with great stories that are already intimate parts of his kingdom in his more cherished language. Little here can touch him like the tender or delightful country songs in Gaelic; while as to national pulse and passion, how many in the collection appeal to him with the poignant lyric force of O'Rahilly, the deep and vehement Munster singer, whose collected poems in Irish, issued, ironically enough, almost as the "Treasury" came from the press, shows what Irish poetry was like a hundred years before the general reader of this volume would imagine it began?

Mr. Brooke says too little of the Irish revival, or rather, the development on natural lines of the great Gaelic forces that had never passed away. He does not really treat of the new literature in Irish; he ignores the Irish-speaking counties in which national continuity was never broken; he passes too lightly by the successful contemporary effort towards extending that Irish sphere. There is nothing artificial or laboured in this effort. It must be remembered always that the Gaelic mind did not pass generally even where people came to use English more or less imperfectly. There is a heredity in such things; the "resident forces" remained. At basis all humanity may be much the same; but after hundreds of years soul and environment had come to develop an Irish variety that might almost seem to have root differences from the English. The somewhat sudden

* "The Lord of the Sea." By M. P. Shiel. 6s. (Richards.)

† "A Treasury of Irish Poetry in the English Tongue." Edited by Stopford A. Brooke and T. W. Rolleston. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

(1) I believe you have not
— however — written your best
book. You have in it
most of my sincerity.
always yours
Wilkie Collins

(2)
I daresay you are thinking
come to London.
I should be very
glad to know you,
and would ask
you, if you thought
of calling, to give
me a days notice
when to expect
you, as I am
not always
Greenhurst.

(3)
Please read
2nd page first Nov 8 to 78
My dear Sir
I have [illegible] the
deepest interest in your
work — and [illegible] reason
must keep wholly aloof [illegible]
I should desire myself
[illegible] again in a week if
I thought [illegible] such things
— I am [illegible] believe to
geology — and you, who are
able for it, much fight with
vassals & fools. I will be
as much [illegible] by them
as [illegible]
Yours truly Mr. J. Ruskin

able to receive visitors
without appointment.
The afternoon about
5 might suit me,
or else the evening
about 9.30
With all best wishes,
Yours sincerely
D G Rossetti
T. H. Hall Caine Esq

(4)
I
cannot but regard with warm respect
and admiration the conduct of one,
holding your position as an admired
and accepted novelist, who stakes him-
self, so to speak on to hold a protesta-
tion on behalf of the things which
are unseen as against those which
are seen and are so terribly
effective in channeling us down to
the level of our earthly existence.
I cordially hope you will make many hearers
all the readers with a view to which
it has obviously been composed
I remain dear Mr. Hall Caine
Yours very faithfully
W. Gladstone
Hawarden Aug. 11. 1897.

A PAGE OF INTERESTING LETTERS IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. HALL CAINE, AND REPRODUCED BY HIS KIND PERMISSION.

(1) Letter from Wilkie Collins after reading "The Deemster" (see p. 145). (2) The first letter from D. G. Rossetti (see p. 141). (3) The first letter from Ruskin (see p. 140). (4) Mr. Gladstone's letter after reading "The Christian" (see p. 140).

idea—illustrated by several writers in this book—of making the one like the other, was as unnatural as in the physical world would be the effort to make one species of bird, or tree even as a differently constituted and differently nurtured one. In the result we obtain a hopeless manufacture which is neither Irish nor English. The general Gael realises now that science, reason, beauty, order, demand that he should progress on his own essential lines, bringing in his own way his own offerings to that exalted world of permanent art where there are indeed Irish, English, French (Mr. Brooke notwithstanding), but where there is tolerance of all and the parts are harmony. In the world's permanent kingdom of art and mind there is place for every artistic nationality, every national or individual expression, but none for conscious or unconscious imitation. And much of this volume is unfortunately imitation. W. P. RYAN.

JAPANESE PLAYS AND PLAYFELLOWS.*

Of all the recent books on Japan, Mr. Edwards's is the most entertaining. Perhaps his selective method counts for as much in this as the fact that he deals mainly with the lighter sides of Japanese life, the amusements, recreations, and all the other things that are little influenced by the keen rivalry of the country with Western civilisation. But while nominally on actors, dramatists, geishas, professional story-tellers, and other entertainers, his book gives a very comprehensive idea of the general current of life there to-day. Mr. Edwards went to play, but he played strenuously. He went off the beaten track; did not regulate his curiosity by a guide-book; adopted for a time the native dress; consorted with Japanese rather than Englishmen, and saw behind the scenes.

By way of preface he states the point of view of the foreign resident, generally unfavourable, with great candour; he is not blind to the discomforts and the faults of a transition stage which it is easy to sum up under the name of degeneracy. All his evidence goes to prove the short era of imitation to have passed, the present being marked rather by an aggressive determination on the part of Japan to be itself, and to regard us and all our ways with cool criticism. The book does not avoid problems—though it does not state them laboriously. The one, for instance, which M. Loti described in "Madame Chrysanthème," Mr. Edwards relates, with pathetic variations, in his chapter, "Playing with Fire." Another, graver, darker, common to every civilisation, of great ambiguity, he treats of with much courage and in a truly judicial spirit.

Of the theatre, its customs, its actors, its writers, the history of its development, we are given interesting glimpses. All is new to a western reader; all is alien. And the strangeness is no more apparent in that curious survival, the Nó plays, which "present in exquisite epitome the literature, the history, the musical and choregraphic art of mediæval Japan," than in the representative popular drama of to-day. In their staging they are far beyond us and behind us. Their mechanical devices are clumsier; their scenic effects infinitely more artistic. But these are the least important differences. The Japanese drama has its severe limitations; but the ordinary play-goer in Japan makes tremendous demands on it. It may never be either tame or smug. "The author can give free rein to fancy. Dragons and demons, ogres and magicians, will not be wasted on prosaic pittites, who starve their imagination by feeding it once a year on vulgarised pantomime because to them music-hall ditties are more congenial than a midsummer-night's dream. His audience would just as soon hear a fairy-story as a love-story. . . ." They do not admire our subjects and our sentiments; and they will not adopt them. Shakespeare on the Japanese stage, says Mr. Edwards, is impossible. "How is it," he asked the great actor Danjuro, "that foreign plays fail to interest your playgoers?" "Because in all your plays," was the answer, "the attitude of men to women seems to us not only irrational but ridiculous." The tough independence of Japan has never been better illustrated than in this book that professes to treat only of entertainers and entertainments.

* "Japan Plays and Playfellows." By Osman Edwards. With twelve coloured plates by Japanese Artists. 10s. (Heinemann.)

Of the other matters dealt with, we have little space to speak. But, of course, the much misunderstood geisha is given her due and fascinating place in the picture. The popular songs find in Mr. Edwards a skilful translator. Here are two or three samples chosen at random:

(1) "Peonies, roses,
Faded, are equal;
Only while life blooms
Differ the flowers."

(2) Thou, cold as water;
I, hot as fire;
Till we to earth turn,
Trouble is mine.

(3) Careless of snow drifts,
Nightly I seek thee;
Deeper the love lies,
Heaped in my heart.

In spite of the very judicial attitude taken by Mr. Edwards at times, the glamour of the country is on him. His book is not all cherry-blossom and ecstacy; but his memories of the river-reaches of Mukojima, with the lighted boats under the overhanging bloom; of the ridges of Yoshino, with the Thousand Cherry Trees of immemorial renown; and of snow-streaked Fuji, must draw the eyes and desires of many of us Eastward.

FROM THE IONIAN SEA TO ABYSSINNIA, *VIA* THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON.*

"Many men, many minds." The trite saying seems to take on a new aptness when we look down the list of the season's travel-books. In the six volumes before us no two writers took the same road or tells the same kind of tale. Thus, one may read the half-dozen consecutively, gaining pleasure,

"Modern Catanzaro, which long ago lost its proper costume, was enlivened with brilliant colours; the country women, of course, adorned themselves. . . . Brilliant blue and scarlet were the prevailing tones."

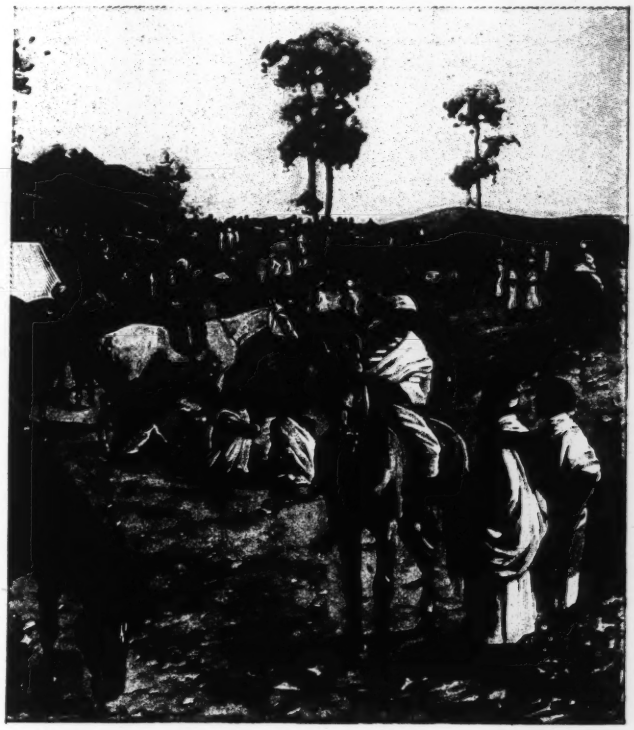
One of the black and white illustrations in "By the Ionian Sea." By George Gissing. (Chapman Hall.)

instruction, and no monotony. Mr. Gissing, in his handsome white volume, recalls to mind the essayist's assertion, "One of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey; but I like to go by myself." Says Mr. Gissing, "I was the only cabin passenger, and solitude suits me." In solitude, then, he fulfilled his intellectual desire—to escape

* "By the Ionian Sea." Illustrated. By George Gissing. 16s. (Chapman and Hall.)
"The Bolivian Andes." Illustrated. By Sir Martin Conway. (Harpers.)
"To the Mountains of the Moon." Illustrated. By J. E. S. Moore, F.R.G.S. (Hurst and Blackett.)
"Australasia, Old and New." By J. Grattan Grey. 7s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
"Continental Road Travel in Central and Western Europe." Illustrated. By W. J. A. Stamer. 12s. (Chapman and Hall.)
"'Twixt Sirdar and Menelik." Illustrated. By Captain M. S. Wellby. 16s. (Harpers.)

life as he knew it, and dream himself into that old world which was the imaginative delight of his boyhood. So he started from Naples with a spirit in harmony for the journey before him, and he wandered appreciatively by the Ionian Sea. Paola, Cosenza, Taranto, Cotrone (where there is no luxury, and it is bad to be ill), Catanzaro (which is a Paradise in which to be convalescent), Squillace, and Reggio—these were all visited, their beauties enjoyed and their drawbacks endured; and the same spirit of harmony was in the farewell as had been in the greeting, a spirit which has beautified the book.

In "The Bolivian Andes" Sir Martin Conway writes with his old charm of the journey towards his last-selected mountains, and his ascents of the mountains themselves. As an author he has the knack of impressing his personality, and his books have ever the effect of a narrative told by a man to his friend. As a mountaineering book this has the true worth of a piece of real work accomplished by a genuine climber;



HORSE-MARKET, ADIS ABABA.

"One of the most interesting corners of the market is where the ponies are gathered together, and their points exhibited along the open sward."

From "'Twixt Sirdar and Menelik." By Captain M. S. Wellby.

and his by-the-way comments—as, for instance, on the Republic of Hayti, and the Rubber Industry—contain always point and sound sense. It is to be hoped that Sir Martin will read Mr. Moore's book, for the Mountains of the Moon have yet to be conquered.

Mr. Moore did not go to Central Africa to climb mountains; he went with the Tanganyika Expedition to learn something about the region which could produce jelly-fish sufficiently curious to arouse discussion in Oxford, and still remain a mystery. His account of his wanderings is not only full of fresh details and pertinent information, but is exceedingly amusing reading and gives a fair picture of a wonderful country. The observations concerning not only the zoological work of the expedition, but the geographical changes and geological formations, are of high scientific value.

From Africa we turn to Mr. Grattan Grey's work on Australasia; and here, in this intensely interesting book, we are impressed with the author's wide knowledge and firm opinions on the political and social questions of Australia's near future. The whole tone of the book is authoritative; the conviction of a man who has lived long and travelled much in the country he writes of, and had intimate knowledge of men and matters. All sides are dealt with, including literature, the press, and also the condition and hopes of New Zealand, and Sir George Grey's work there. The volume will provoke criticism, but it undoubtedly supplies fresh facts.

From "Continental Road Travel" we learn many things. In a bright, gossipy manner Mr. Stamer tells of his mode of travel—one horse and a park-phaeton—of the roads, the people, the scenery; from Florence to San Sebastian, to Gorizia, to Nice, to Ro, and so forth; and, incidentally, of his food, his feelings, of Nice flower battles, Monte Carlo decoys, and why the English are hated on the Continent. It is a thoroughly bright, entertaining account of nine years' driving tours.

The last of the six volumes takes us "from Zeila to Cairo, through unknown Abyssinia." It is written by a brave soldier who died a brave death in South Africa, and is particularly interesting in that he went to Abyssinia a prejudiced stranger, and by experience found reason to differ from other writers on almost all points relating to Abyssinian affairs. He did not lack trials or adventures, but his resourcefulness and tact brought him through with pleasant memories and outpourings of gratitude from Abyssinians, Somalis, and Soudanese.

This half-dozen volumes seems to be typical of the varied tastes, methods, and styles of men who possess the nomadic instinct, but proof also of the pluck and endurance inherent in each.

ITALIA REDENTA.*

Written by friends of Italian freedom and believers in progress, who are yet scrupulously impartial, and who have travelled the Peninsula from Verona to the Gulf of Taranto, this volume deserves the heartiest recognition. Its authors have studied all the Blue Books, talked with the leaders of every party, seen the peasants at their gang-work in Calabria, the artisans and bourgeois at Milan, Churchmen in Rome, deputies, reformers, journalists. Their report of the land is melancholy, yet hopeful. During her thirty years' existence, Italia Una has attempted the desperate leap from Middle Age to modern civilisation, over centuries and into the unknown. She has abolished monasticism only to see it as flourishing as ever and less dependent on the powers that be; shut up the Papacy in the Vatican, but at the cost of the Triple Alliance, which means crushing taxes, misery eating to the bone, and perhaps revolution; new-modelled laws, schools, manufactures, marriage, local government; and her future is uncertain, the outlook by no means bright. As an experiment in Liberal and Parliamentary ideas, it is so far discouraging that men of the stamp of Lombroso have cried out, "Troppo presto," "You go too fast." In which verdict our authors partly acquiesce, but they think representative institutions will, with an improved social training, heal much of the mischief they have hitherto occasioned.

Training, both on the Catholic side and the national, there already is,—of a most admirable kind in the Lombard North, where a genuine social movement, described here with sympathy and insight, is taking place. Industry, likewise,—witness Genoa, which now almost rivals Marseilles,—and a prospect that in the Electric Age Italy with its water-power will no longer be the poverty-stricken land we know. Statistics cannot do away with the wretchedness to be seen even in Genoa, and much more in Venice, Rome, Naples, and the South. But they cast a light on emigration which is welcome, and show the private efforts of Italians succeeding in Brazil and Argentina, while the standard of living seems to have gone up at home. Corruption is still rampant; the municipal system a hard tyranny; the middle class will not do its duty by the illiterate, whose numbers are a disgrace to Church and State; Parliament is packed, bribed, and bullied into submission; and the choice of governors has veered between Crispi of revolutionary fame and Giolitti, who seems to belong to the species known in France as "Panamist." Nor has the Monarchy lived up to its noblest traditions. More

* "Italy To-day." By Bolton King and Thomas Okey. 12s. net. (Nisbet and Co.)

education, genuine freedom of suffrage, a home militia instead of the huge ineffective army, fewer officials, development on the lines of self-help, co-operation, people's banks; and an understanding between Vatican and Quirinal—such are the hints thrown out in this well-written summing up of modern Italy. Statesmen, economists, travellers, and the general reader will find in it facts, suggestions, touches of life, a remarkable absence of party feeling, and a wealth of picturesque detail. We believe it is, on the whole, as accurate as this kind of sketch ever can be; and it finishes on the note of an optimism which one would gladly see verified.

NOVEL NOTES.

A CARDINAL AND HIS CONSCIENCE. By Graham Hope. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

A careful study of the history of sixteenth century France has preceded the writing of this meritorious story. The writer does not hold a brief for either side in the struggle between the Guisards and the Huguenots. The heroine, it is true, is a Huguenot, but her friends and her kindred are not too amiably depicted. In the hero, the Cardinal de Lorraine, Mrs. Hope has attempted an ambitious and interesting character study, not quite successfully, we think. The combination of saint and politician is as difficult to portray in fiction as it is impossible in real life. And the whole story is full of improbabilities. The sham marriage of the Cardinal, under an assumed name, with the Huguenot Renée, the want of curiosity which permitted the marriage of a high-born maiden with an unknown stranger, and the vengeance of Catherine de Medici, all strain our credulity over-much. But the plot apart, we congratulate the writer on her ability and the serious work she has put into her story.

SCOUNDRELS AND CO. By Coulson Kernahan. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

Here we have a most ingeniously imagined series of adventures. The hero, a novelist with plenty of time on his hands, and the conviction that the school for fiction-writing is the world, finds himself, by accident, in a situation where he has abundant and very dangerous opportunities of studying scoundreldom at first hand. Safety lies, in the beginning, in impersonating one of the villains, and there begins a pretty coil, interesting, of course, to the dramatist in him, but embarrassing to the moralist. However, he contrives a way of seeing the whole thing out, while minimising the harm to the world and his own soul and bringing the scoundrels to their doom. The reader will be thrilled in many passages, and will heave a sigh of relief when at last the door of Holloway Prison divides the remnant of the rascals from the ingenious and virtuous frustrator of their knavish tricks for evermore.

CATHERINE OF CALAIS. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Catherine of Calais makes us think at once of some ancient heroine, perhaps some fair and valiant maiden of the English rule in the old city. But the real girl in the book might have been called Catherine of Tooting without injury to the story—or Catherine of Margate, if it had to be a place where a lonely girl might watch steamers coming in. It is a pleasant enough story, nevertheless; and though not of the ancient time, it follows a very old tradition. It is one of those tales, commoner fifty years ago than now, where a poor, friendless girl is received into the house of a proud, patronising aunt, where she learns the bitterness of dependence, and is released by a brilliant marriage that disconcerts the unkind relatives. As she is a very meek, rather poor-spirited, and stupid little girl, her lot is on the whole less hard than would have been the case with a more interesting person. But there is sweetness in her girlish passion for the stiff Englishman, old enough to be her father, to whom she remains unswervingly loyal, submissive, and uncritical. Mrs. de la Pasture repeats the mistake of the stories on which hers seem modelled, in making the disagreeable people too disagreeable. A worldly woman like Mrs. Chilcott could not have afforded to be so openly, aggressively, stupidly rude. Yet she can deal in half-tones, too. The faulty but amusing Lady Sarah and the faulty but charming Delia are the best conceived characters in the book.

ENSIGN KNIGHTLEY, AND OTHER STORIES. By A. E. W. Mason. 6s. (Constable.)

Mr. Mason's long stories we have enjoyed and admired; but they had hardly prepared us for the particular excellence of this volume. Of the vigour, the precision, and the picturesqueness of these shorter tales it is impossible to say too much. Occasionally the writer seems to get over difficulties of subject by a kind of *tour de force*—for he is wont to deal in brief with rather complicated themes—but the sense of strain is never too obvious. Adventure is the dominant note in them, but not merely the adventure of sword and gun; and the workmanship, the play of motive and character, place them entirely outside the range of schoolboy literature. "Ensign Knightley," "Mr. Mitchelbourne's Last Escapade" and "The Keeper of the Bishop" are the most distinguished; but all the stories are fit to rub shoulders with these.

THE THIRTEEN EVENINGS. By George Bartram. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Bartram's thirteen stories make a very good second to Mr. Mason's batch. A little less picturesque, they are rather more fanciful and humorous. General readers may be better catered for in "Ensign Knightley," but those of literary interests—more correctly, those interested in literature as a craft and in literary coteries—will find themselves well entertained by Mr. Bartram. He is something of a cynic in such matters, but only to a wholesome degree; for he takes his art seriously in the sensible way of laughing at it and of taking pains to write well. But he has observed omen and circumstance beyond the literary world, with a quick eye for the humanity and the humour in them.

MALICIOUS FORTUNE. By Stella M. Düring. 6s. (G. Allen.)

Ingenuity can hardly go farther than in the plot of "Malicious Fortune." It is all too wastefully ingenious, but the thing is very well done; and the writer is to be congratulated on the clever conception and the brisk working out of a complicated trifle. Of two things she does not convince us—that any woman of Helen's strength of character could, under any circumstances, have accepted Carstairs' proposal, and that any man with Carstairs' sense of honour, even had the gallows been hanging over him, could have made so infamous a proposal. But there—if we are to stay and admire the working out of the tale, we must pretend to swallow these improbabilities.

PAUL LE MAISTRE. By Frederic Carrel. 6s. (Long.)

Mr. Carrel has set out to write an indictment of modern life; but he has ended in writing only an indictment of his own hero. The book is indescribably dreary, not because modern life is dreary, but because the career of such a hero was bound to be dispiriting. A well-intentioned but terribly solemn young farmer comes up from the Channel Isles to London, to prove himself the heir to a great property, to patent an invention, and to take care of a sister. He is not shrewd; and he pays a good deal too much attention to fashionable folks. He loses his suit; his patent is stolen; his sister is violated; and he is jilted by a fashionable lady. These are but a fraction of the horrors that befall the incapable person. If only he had had some charm; but he has nothing to recommend him but rather grandiloquent principles and solemnity. When he dies, with a curse on life on his lips, we refuse to turn pessimist on the evidence of the disagreeable, springless, and morbid Mr. Le Maistre.

THE MODERN ARGONAUTS. By Eliza Orzeszko. 6s. (Greening.)

In a rather incomprehensible and unnecessary preface the translator tells us that Madame Orzeszko has changed her style since she wrote that remarkable book, "An Obscure Apostle," and has given up the analytical novel for the *roman poème*. In most ways we regret it; for the theme of her present story, we feel sure, she would have dealt with better in her old directer manner. Here all is rhapsody, lyricism, even when the subject is of the plainest; and we long for a little plain prose to make some difficult matters clear. Nevertheless, this is a work of high imagination and real originality.

The character of Aloizius Darvid only misses being among the memorable ones of modern fiction, that stand with Numa Roumestan and the Mayor of Casterbridge. It misses, because Darvid is not a "lyric" conception, and the lyric treatment is unsuitable for him, and even a trifle ridiculous. But the great crisis of his life, when he, the strong, rich man, who has made his way, who is flattered by the great, who has worked and worked and worked, repeats the question once put to him by his dead child, What do you work for? To her love had been the end of life. He had laughed at the idea. But now she was dead, and she was justified. "Now he saw clearly that he had made a mistake. He had passed unnoticed something on the road of his life; he had failed to perceive something within him; he had dropped something from his conquering hands; architect, careful to preserve the balance in building, and he had not preserved it in his own building, and now he cannot live in it, and he desires to leave it." So he goes to meet his dead child. There are other living beings in the book; but Darvid overshadows them all.

SEVERANCE. By Thomas Cobb. 6s. (Lane.)

We always turn to Mr. Cobb's work with a sense of coming pleasure, subdued pleasure, but quite certain and genuine. Sensation will be suppressed, we know; the stronger lights of the world will be shut out; there will be no emphasis; but, if we are in the proper, wide-awake mood, there will be also no lack of entertainment. If "Severance" had been his first book we should have been louder in its praises. But we have read "Scruples" and "Mr. Passingham," and either Mr. Cobb's own peculiar virtues of subtlety and quiet certainty show clearer in those, or he has introduced us in his last story to rather duller persons, or perhaps London society, in its narrower sense, is not exactly his field. Whatever be the cause, we shall recommend, in his interest, his earlier stories before this one to such readers as are likely to appreciate his restrained humour, and his habit of diagnosing reticent persons who imagine themselves safe in a room with the blinds drawn down. To those who like broader effects "Severance" may seem his best; and certainly there is something very pleasant in his picture of a solemn prating man like Hugh proving himself a very common kind of fool.

PRINCE CHARMING. By "Rita." 3s. 6d. (Sands.)

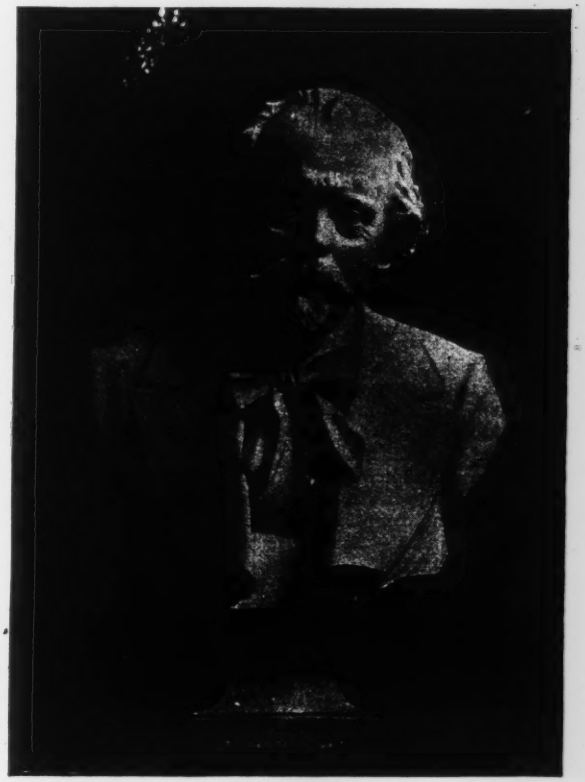
At least one of her readers had thought it impossible for "Rita" to be tedious until he read "Prince Charming." Here is matter for a short story beaten out into a lengthy novel. An English Prince (the portrait is obvious) goes to Erinia, otherwise Ireland, for rest and change, and there, on a lake island, finds an ancient oddity who is called the King of the place, and whose lovely granddaughter, Sheila, promptly fascinates the Prince. After three weeks of Arcadian love-making, during which she has discovered his identity, they both agree that they can never marry, but the Prince must go away and fulfil the duties of his high estate. He returns home accordingly and marries the foreign Princess who has been chosen for him by his advisers. There are humorous passages, and the writing is rarely lacking in the gay vivacity that is characteristic of its author, but—well, "Rita" mustn't do it again. She has spoilt her public for such indifferent fare by having given them so much that has been so much better.

KING'S END. By Alice Brown. 6s. (Constable.)

Nobody who admires Miss Mary E. Wilkins' delicate art should miss "King's End." It deals with the New England and the quaint local types of humanity with which Miss Wilkins has familiarised us, and loses nothing by a comparison with the best of her work. There is a distinct touch of originality both in idea and treatment. The story opens with the return of Luke Evans, a tramp and social outcast; he steals his motherless, illegitimate baby from its old grandmother's cottage, less for love of it than to avenge himself on his detractors who *do* love it. How it grew into his heart, and why he gave it up; his experiments in feeding and rearing it, assisted by the wilful Miss Nancy Eliot, are all related with just the quiet humour and elusive pathos that such a relation needed to make it effective. The character of Nancy is elaborated with keen subtlety and insight, and the wooing of her by Martin Jeffries is set forth with peculiar interest and charm. Elder Kent, with his religious fanaticism and child-like faith; his sister Julia, who, true to an old promise, shares his evangelistic labours and yet is secretly regretting the great self-sacrifice it involves, are finely and sympathetically drawn, the end of the elderly Julia's love romance being one of the most touching things in the book. The story is deftly and interestingly told, and every character in it is strongly individualised. Altogether, it is a conscientious and sound piece of work.

POOR ELIZABETH. By M. Hamilton. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

There is a certain unpromising crudeness about the first two or three chapters of "Poor Elizabeth" that almost deters one from going on, but once it gets fairly under way it broadens into a story of more than average ability. The subject is scarcely an attractive one, and the adequate treatment of it leads necessarily at times to the touching on matters that



HALL CAINE.
From a Bust by Joseph W. Swynnerton, exhibited at last year's Royal Academy

are generally considered disagreeable, but as character studies both Robert Kennedy, of the Indian Civil Service, and "Poor Elizabeth," a beautiful Eurasian, are undeniably clever. Never really caring for her, and foreseeing clearly what marriage with her must mean, Kennedy is drawn by circumstances into making her his wife, and his subsequent social ostracism, his growing dislike of her, her increasing passion for him, and the criminal length to which she goes in her desperate yearning to hold his affection, make up a story, morbid, if you will, and unpleasant in some of its details, but very human, and, on the whole, very capably handled.

A SON OF MAMMON. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Long.)

Mr. Burgin rather disarms criticism by mentioning in a dedication that "this book has been written and re-written some half-dozen times, under the stress of deep personal grief and long illness." But no shadow of the sick-room lies over its pages. It certainly does not represent its author at his best, nevertheless, it is a thoroughly cheery, readable story, as charming as a fairy tale and as perversely improbable. If the men and women could walk out of Mr. Burgin's novel and people the world it would be a happier place than it is. Where in the London we know can you find an editor like Mr. Jones, who, to assist his friend's friends (though he has

never seen them), will give up his own rooms, let them furnished to those friends at a mere nominal rent, and stow himself away anywhere, regardless of comfort? Where will you find an editor who, to give employment to a simple country vicar, one of his friend's friends, will partition his office off, put in a new door, and have the vicar's name painted on it as that of his associate editor? Even the vicar is taken by surprise when he sees it. But, after all, the best things are those that are too good to be true. There is a deal of light comedy in "A Son of Mammon" and a touch of tragedy, there are two pleasant love idylls and a villain who earns forgiveness at the end, and you may find it all very delightful reading, whether you believe in it or not.

TREWERN. A Tale of the Thirties. By R. M. Thomas. 6s. (Unwin.)

This quiet, unpretending story has real and rather unusual merits, for which reason we do not recommend it to readers in a hurry. Its patient observation of character can only be justly appreciated in a leisurely perusal, and perhaps only by those who share something of the temper of the writer, which expresses itself in a passionate love for his native soil, and a watchful and somewhat resigned outlook on the world in general. The Wales of the thirties, with its bucolic, lazy squires and its hot-headed politicians, is admirably painted by one who must have had special access to records of the time and is steeped in its traditions.

MY LADY OF ORANGE. By H. C. Bailey. 6s. (Longmans.)

"No saint am I," says John Newstead, writing in his old age the record of his earlier years, and nothing he relates leads you to differ from him. A soldier of fortune of the dashing, slashing, frankly brutal type, he raises a troop of horse and fights for Spain against the Dutch, till the Spaniard cannot, or will not, keep up his men's pay, when he goes over with them to the enemy and turns the tide of victory against his former comrades in gallant style. He will lend a hand at a massacre, or kill the wounded out of the way, without a qualm, and yet he is not proof against a woman's scorn or a woman's tears, and how it is that, unscrupulous swashbuckler as he is, he can yet win the love of a woman so sweet and high-spirited and compassionate, and capture the sympathies of the reader withal—these be matters that each reader will appreciate for himself, more easily perhaps than he can explain. It is a capital story, written in the right lusty, soldiering vein, and very ably illustrated by Mr. G. P. Jacomb-Hood.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

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COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

AUGUST, 1901.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

NAPLES, PAST AND PRESENT. By A. H. Norway. 6s. (Methuen.)

On first taking up Mr. Norway's latest work, and before dipping into its pages, one is almost inclined to resent an addition to the many books which have been written on this subject. The customs of the Neapolitans have been so excellently described in Mr. Stamer's "Dolce Napoli," and in the late Charles Grant's "Naples and the Camorra," and their folklore has been so admirably dealt with in Mr. Rolfe's "Naples in the Nineties," that one feels as though there could be but little scope for other authors who have chosen the same subject. "Naples, Past and Present," nevertheless supplies a distinct want, and Mr. Norway is to be congratulated on having broken fresh ground. The past of Naples is a fertile field, which hitherto has been neglected by British and American writers, who have almost exclusively devoted their attention to the histories of Venice, Florence, and Rome, which, wonderful as they are, do not furnish a more fascinating theme than the historical associations of Naples. It is not to be supposed that this is a compendious history; it is a charming volume of historical and antiquarian chat, which cannot fail to interest all lovers of the beautiful city of Parthenope, and which will be found to be a useful and pleasant companion to the indispensable Murray or Baedeker. The author is at his best when dealing with the antiquities and history of his subject. Unfortunately, like too many of his compatriots, he is so prone to see an emissary of the Mafia in every low-class Neapolitan he meets, that he has not, as was the case with Stamer, entered into their inmost life. Perhaps an unfortunate incident, which occurred to him personally in one of the main thoroughfares of Naples, may have contributed to this result. The present writer has for the last three months been almost daily in the very quarter of the city which he stigmatises as unsafe for visitors, but nothing he has seen or heard would justify Mr. Norway's apprehensions. The illustrations are of very varying merit, and the conclusion one is led to is that for a work of this kind photographs are much to be preferred to drawings.

LAKE GENEVA AND ITS LITERARY LANDMARKS. By Francis Gribble. 18s. (Constable.)

At Mr. Gribble's touch the curtain rises, "revealing Geneva as a city where true religion and sound learning flourish and abound, towards the middle of the sixteenth century." And though he tells us that to write a complete history of Geneva was what he did not set out to do, his "informal, anecdotal" volume is so lively, so carefully substantiated, so quietly witty, and so shrewdly expressed, that as a presentment of Geneva, its religious and intellectual life and struggles, its notable names and events, its reformation and its salons, it has far more worth than many a more ponderous volume claiming completeness as its reason for existence. Of individuals, too: of Bonivard, his imprisonment at Chillon and his after-life; of Farel, with his gifts of the mob-orator; of Calvin, stern disciplinarian, with his deeds and persecutions, which may be rejoiced over or execrated, but never explained away or apologised for; of M. de Bèze, with his vicissitudes and vigour, who, though not so great as Calvin, was, "perhaps, the only one of the Genevan Reformers one would be glad to know if he were still living in our midst"; of all these there are striking, vivid pictures. Here, also, we see Rousseau, young, middle-aged, old; a runaway apprentice, a celebrity, an exile; but always a sentimentalist and a cad. And the chapter on Gibbon, dealing so fully with his love for Mademoiselle Susan Curchod, is almost a romance in itself. Of Madame Roland, who was, perhaps, the author tersely says, "mainly indebted for her fame to her unimpeachable solemnity and the melancholy manner of her death'; of Madame de Stael, her brilliant powers and her somewhat more garish loves; of de Saussure, Benjamin Constant, and the many lights of Genevan Reformation and society, we are given excellent biographies in little. And on points on which we may not be able to agree entirely with Mr. Gribble, we admit that he has shed real light, and that his conclusions hold much reason. The book is undoubtedly attractive.

GEORGE ELIOT. By Clara Thomson. Westminster Biographies. 2s. net. (Kegan Paul.)

This is a sensible, moderate, and kindly appreciation of a great woman, whose fame has not shone with such brightness of late years. It may be she was a trifle over-estimated in her day, and that reaction is natural. But the coldness of the present age to her is mainly due to the very different attitude to life she held, and the difference is to her credit. She was over-solemn at times in her idealism; and the present-day light-hearted materialistic readers cannot away with that. But just because the light of her fame is low for the moment, we could have endured a rather heartier essay on her than the present, which seems bent on making only the most moderate claims for her, lest attack should be provoked.

THE PREACHER'S DICTIONARY. A Biblical Conspectus and Compendium of Religious and Secular Thought, Past and Present, Topically Arranged. By E. F. Cavalier, M.A., Rector of Wramplingham. 12s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

"The object of this work is to supply a synopsis of essentials for sermon production." It contains a series of subjects likely to be preached upon, such as Atonement, Incarnation, Miracle, Deity, Eucharist, Faith, Honesty. Under each of the titles a definition of the subject is given, then follows a conspectus of the Biblical teaching regarding it, and finally a number of quotations from ancient and modern writers. The theologians chiefly depended on are Hooker, Browne, Wilberforce, Newman; but others, Dale and Maurice, for example, are also cited. In connection with moral subjects the quotations are from a wide range of literature. A hard-pressed preacher, with the knack of furnishing a plan and mortar, might find a sermon quickly in this dictionary, although it might show marks of its mechanical origin.

SIR HARRY PARKES IN CHINA. By Stanley Lane-Poole. (Methuen.)

This well-written abridgement of the life of Sir Harry Parkes is of special interest at the present time, covering as it does the entire history of our diplomatic relations with China till the first omens of the present crisis came into view. The hero of Mr. Lane Poole's memoir was present as a lad of fourteen when the Treaty of Nankin was signed, played an important part in shaping the Treaty of Tientsin, and died at his post as British Minister to Peking in 1885. The personal element in the story is profoundly interesting. Sir Harry Parkes was one of the few public men who from his youth upwards lived an entirely pure life amidst the many temptations of the Far East, and never failed to prove himself an unselfish and chivalrous gentleman. His courage in meeting danger and his calmness when beset by it were worthy of his friend and occasional comrade, General Gordon. It was his misfortune to be the interpreter, and in mature life the responsible representative, of the aggressive policy of Western Europe; and he incurred for a generation the hostility of the less disinterested officials of the Chinese Empire, and in some cases perhaps the hostility of misguided Chinese patriots in high places. In connection with the "Lorcha Arrow" war the Chinese had a case, the logic of which we still dispute with the lips but endorse by our judicial acts, for we do not allow service under the Chinese flag to place a British subject beyond the reach of British tribunals. To say that our wars have been against Chinese pride and exclusiveness is to some extent sophistical, and the Chinese still think of our two wars as wars against the right of the Chinese Government to make opium contraband, and to deal with its own subjects when momentarily placed under the British flag. The more honest course would have been to declare war against Chinese pride and exclusiveness. The occasions were ill-chosen. In his closing days at Peking Sir Harry Parkes was worried by the unsleeping hostility of the Tsung Li Yamun, and made to feel that the policy of the past had not been an entire success. His eighteen years' absence in Japan had not effaced many rankling memories in the Cabinet of Peking. Sir Harry Parkes made a long and a brave fight against the corruption and obstructiveness of the mandarins, and yet never failed to recognise the many virtues of the people. After cruel and treacherous suffering he gave to the law-abiding sections of the people a confidence as implicit as that of a child.

TWELVE ALLEGORIES. By Kathleen Haydn Green. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

To think more of the mode of telling than of the tale to be told is the temptation which besets modern writers of allegories. There seems to be an unwritten law in the present day that an allegory may not be told in every-day language; and this fact has weakened the force of many a good truth metaphorically told. Miss Green, though we thank her for a dozen graceful images, has suffered under this imagined law. John Bunyan, though living in the seventeenth century, told his tale in less formal phraseology; and William Adams, another of the few successful allegorical writers, living in later days, used words of quite homely simplicity for his forceful, vivid stories. Miss Green's allegories are slight and short, but verity and poetry lie under the too archaic phrasing. To mention two—the first, "The Burden of Forgiveness," contains a subtle truth, well thought. The last, "The Equal of the King," is the tenderest, perhaps the best, of all. Told in a real manner, in the language of our times, this might have been a strong piece of imagery.

ANNI FUGACES. By R. C. Lehmann. (Lane.)

Cambridge and the Cambridge days that were his, not so very, very long ago as in his melancholy, sentimental moods he would have us believe, are Mr. Lehmann's chief themes in this pleasant book of verses. He hardly needs to tell us how he has read and loved his C.S.C. But he is no mere echo of Calverley. It is his own recollections he uses; his own lost friendships he laments, and it is of his own contemporaries' escapades he sings. His sentiments and his humour are such as will commend themselves to the general, at all events to those who can look back on a gloriously irresponsible youth lighted by strong affections as well as by high spirits and pleasure.

SPANISH HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS. By Katherine Lee Bates. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Here is one of the most interesting and entertaining books of travel it has been our fortune to come across for a long time. Let our one grumble utter itself at the outset, Miss Bates's Protestantism is just a little too much in evidence. She has done her very best to understand the Catholic country intellectually; but the effort is too visible to us. And then why should so bright, so original a book be illustrated by photographs? The hastiest scrawl of a traveller with good eyes and clever fingers is better than the best reproduced photograph. But here Miss Bates and her publishers sin with so many others that they deserve no individual blame. Miss Bates modestly describes her book as only a record of impressions, yet you will ransack many volumes on the subject without gaining half the substantial or the out-of-the-way information she gives in unpretending and most readable fashion. The secret of the worth of her book, apart from her extraordinary interest in Spain and her general desire to be pleased with it, lies in the fact that she got near the people, had opportunities of mingling with all classes, and had the gift of making them talk. We are not given guide-book descriptions of the great monuments, but charming talk about the Carnival, Passion Week in Seville, Corpus Christi in Toledo, children's games, the pilgrims of Santiago, the dwellers in the Basque provinces, gipsies and their ways, and a great deal else. There are no wild adventures on the road, but the portraits of characters, pictures of household ways, and reflections of the Spanish point of view are excellently vivid. Here is an old impression of our Sunday in London, but painted with fresh feeling: "It was always colder Sunday, and there was not even a café. There was nowhere to go. There was nothing to do. Why is that good? At the bull-fight one feels the joy of life. Is it more religious to sit dull and dismal by the fire? I had no use for the churches. Walking is not amusing, unless the sun shines and there is something gay to see. I do not like tea, and I do not like reading." Here is a peep at family life in Madrid: "The slightest neighbourhood incident . . . takes on a poetic vividness and a dramatic intensity, and when it is all told over again at the dinner-table, excitement waxes so high that long after the dishes and the cloth have been removed the family may still be found seated around the board, flashing a thousand lights of suggestion and surmise on that dull bit of scandal. The

husband cannot cease from discussion long enough to read the evening paper, nor the wife to send the little ones to bed, and midnight may find the three generations, from grandfather to four-year-old, still talking with might and main." The infinite leisure, the brilliant colour of the country, as reflected by Miss Bates, must act as mighty magnets to many Northerners. She has much to tell of misery, of political incapacity, of discontent. But her conclusion is that "Spain is far from unhappy. It is beautiful to see out of what scant allowance of that which we call well-being, may be evolved wisdom and joy, poetry and religion."

THE QUEEN, and Other Poems. By Richard Garnett, C.B. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

From the excellent occasional verses on public events and personages in Dr. Garnett's book the reader will quickly turn to the fifty sonnets that follow. Half of these have been already published, but in a volume now out of print. We are glad to see them again with their new companions. Together they make an interesting collection of intellectual but sincerely inspired verse, their noble and delicate sentiment often linked to fine harmony. Best of all we like the sonnet on "Age"—

> "I will not rail or grieve when torpid eld
> Frosts the slow-journeying blood, for I shall see
> The lovelier leaves hang yellow on the tree."

But its grim neighbour on the opposite page, the sonnet on Dante, is for its strength and dignity the high-water mark of the whole.

EUGENE SCHUYLER: Selected Essays. With a Memoir. Italian Influences. 10s. 6d. net each. (Sampson Low.)

Schuyler was a fine specimen of the cultivated American. Scholar, traveller, lawyer, man of letters, consul in several great European centres, with a burning curiosity in political as well as literary matters, he packed a great deal of experience into his life before he died at Venice eleven years ago. The sympathetic memoir before us shows him as a man, not only of great intellectual energy and refinement, but also as one with a special talent for friendships. Tolstoy, Turguéniev, Taine, and Sainte Beuve were among his friends, and, indeed, the whole cultivated society of Europe was open to him. His essays show a mind quite unoriginal, but purposeful, acquisitive, and retentive of impressions. "Count Leo Tolstoy Twenty Years Ago" is the most interesting. It describes the great Russian's old love of sport, retells the old quarrel with Turguéniev, gives Turguéniev's dying appeal to his brother writer to return to literary work. . . . "My friend, great writer of the Russian land, give heed to my prayer!" It relates the experiments of Tolstoy in elementary education. But while it shows much and well-remembered intercourse, it reveals no intimacy. The second volume—"Italian Influences"—is, we imagine, very characteristic of Schuyler. We do not say he did not look at Italy with his own eyes; but he specially loved to tread its soil with the imaginary companionship of those who had loved it and written about it before. "In the Footsteps of Dante," "Landor and Italy," "Dickens and Genoa," "Shelley with Byron," are a few representative subjects. He treated them delightfully, for he had read well and to good purpose, and could detach himself from another man's attitude towards beloved things, while taking count of it and rendering it faithfully. Readers who know Italy will find this volume take them to fascinating spots in excellent company.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

JUNE 15TH TO JULY 15TH, 1901.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

FOWLER, REV. MONTAGUE, M.A.—Christianity Through Judaism, 1/- ..... *Church Newspaper Co.*
[Traces the growth of Christianity, and presents parallels between its development and the history of the Jews.]

GOULD, F. J.—The Religion of the First Christians, 2/6 ..... *Watts*
[A little volume of questions and comparisons, which attempts "to ascertain the meaning of the gospel, not as a biography, but as a factor in sociology."]

H. A. D.—The Victory that Overcometh, 3/6 ..... *Elliot Stock*
[Fresh thoughts on Faith, God, Almighty Fatherhood, Divine Motherliness, the Communion of Saints, and many another point in the Christian creed.]

JACKSON, REV. PERCIVAL, M.A.—The Prayer Book Explained. Part I. 2/6 ..... *Camb. Univ. Press*
[Deals in a broad-minded manner with the service of the Prayer-Book. This first volume has reference to the daily offices and the Litany.]

St. John. Edited by Rev. J. A. McClymont, D.D. 2/- net. *T. C. & E. C. Jack*
[The third volume of the Century Bible. The editor's Introduction is a careful piece of work. Three maps are included.]

WESTCOTT, BROOKE FOSS, D.D., D.C.L., BISHOP OF DURHAM.—Lessons from Work, 6/- ..... *Macmillan*
[The "Lessons" are varied in many ways. They include such themes as—The Position and Call of the English Church, The Study of the Bible, The Prophetic Call of Laymen, Temperance, Biblical Criticism and Social Problems, and several others. But through all there runs one main thought—the Incarnation, and its influence.]

FICTION.

ACHARD, AMÉDÉE.—The Golden Fleece (La Toison d'Or). Illustrated ..... *Macqueen*
["Hurrah for war!" cried Coquelicot. "The soldier laughs and dances, kills nobody; war is a charming state of affairs invented by men so that pretty village girls can find lovers. Nobody suffers but our neighbours' hens and geese." There is rather more serious fighting than this, however, before the tale closes—this tale of the old French nobility—but there is time between whiles for some equally serious love.]

ASHTON, M.—The Nana's Talisman, 6/- ..... *Hutchinson*
[In this story East and West meet in a striking and picturesque fashion. The inroad of the Indians into Cornwall and the character of Nana Dejalma are well conceived; and altogether the book is high above the average of its rather numerous class.]

BARTRAM, GEORGE.—The Thirteen Evenings, 6/- ..... *Methuen*

BENSON, E. F.—The Luck of the Vails, 6/- ..... *Heinemann*

BESANT, WALTER.—The Lady of Lynn, 6/- ..... *Chatto*

BOURGET, PAUL.—The Disciple, 6/- ..... *Unwin*
[An effective translation of M. Paul Bourget's well-known novel.]

BROWN, ALICE.—King's End, 6/- ..... *Constable*

BURGIN, G. B.—A Son of Mammon, 6/- ..... *Long*

CAY, NOWELL.—The Presumption of Stanley Hay, M.P., 3/6 *Warne*
[Stanley Hay, M.P., was presumptuous enough to pick up a fainting lady and carry her out of the Lyceum, also to dispute with a German baron, and, later on, to marry the lady. There was less presumption in the marriage, perhaps, than in abiding by it when he discovered that his bride was a royal princess. This latest piece of presumption brought him to face two muskets presented across a newly-made grave. Fire, however, burns away many inconvenient things, even identity; and by it a breezy romance ends happily.]

CLARK, IMOGEN.—The Domine's Garden, 6/- ..... *Murray*

COBB, THOMAS.—Severance, 6/- ..... *Lane*

CONRAD, JOSEPH, AND FORD M. HUEFFER.—The Inheritors, 6/- *Heinemann*

CONSTABLE, F. C.—Marrables' Magnificent Idea, 6/- ... *Blackwood*

CONYERS, DOROTHEA.—Bloom or Blight, 6/- ... *Hurst & Blackett*

DRUMMOND, HAMILTON.—The Seven Houses, 6/- ..... *Ward, Lock*

DÜRING, STELLA M.—Malicious Fortune, 6/- ..... *Allen*

FEVEZ, CORALIE.—Ira Lorraine, 6/- ..... *Greening*
[A novel of the old-fashioned, sentimental kind, with a tendency to begin its chapters and paragraphs with "It was autumn," "It was a September day," "It was Christmas Day," "It was several months now since, etc."; and more than a tendency to get rid of the unsatisfactory characters and reward the virtuous.]

FINDLAY, JAMES THOMAS.—A Deal with the King, 6/- ..... *Digby*
[A spirited romance of the time of King George the First, with a generous measure of adventure, and some very complete Scottish dialect.]

FLOWERDEW, HERBERT.—Retaliation, 6/- ..... *Constable*

FLYNT, JOSIAH, AND FRANCIS WALTON.—The Powers that Prey, 3/6 *Ward, Lock*
[A collection of stories, American in flavour, of the "Under World"—the world that thieves and gambles, and is considered outcast. The Sherlock Holmes tone is entirely omitted from these criminological fancies, and yet they have attraction.]

FORBES, EDMUND.—Red Fate, 6/- ..... *Greening*
[A book worth reading; a book which showers many desirable things on the hero, but snatches away things that count most; a book in which the red-gold hair of the heroine plays a picturesque part. "'Blood on the sands! Ah! *that's* the colour of her hair.' . . . His body pitched forward on its face, and lay there motionless." A dramatic *finale*.]

FRANKLIN, MILES.—My Brilliant Career, 6/- ..... *Blackwood*
[A passionate, forceful story of Bush-life, told by a Bush-girl. Australia and her hardships, the heart and its vicissitudes, are drawn with painful reality. Mr. Henry Lawson contributes an appreciative preface.]

FRASER, MRS. HUGH.—Marna's Mutiny, 6/- ..... *Hutchinson*

FRENCH, HENRY WILLARD.—Desmonde, M.D., 2/6 ..... *Unwin*
[The story of a man with an amazing, attractive personality, who performed scientific miracles upon the mentally afflicted, but could not bear up against the strains of "The Holy City," even before its barrel-organ days. A mysterious, uncanny book, with allurements.]

GREEN, KATHLEEN HAYDN.—Twelve Allegories, 3/6 net ..... *Lane*

HAMILTON, M.—Poor Elizabeth, 6/- ..... *Hurst & Blackett*

HANSHEW, T. W.—The World's Finger. Illustrated. 3/6 *Ward, Lock*

[There was plenty of occupation for the world's finger in this story. Shocking things were committed by persons who should have known better. A police "sub" slips out of his uniform, a broken sleeve-link is discovered, and the house of Davenant suffers a smirch or two. As for incident, from the murder on the second page to the bomb explosion on the last, it is generously provided.]

HARBEN, WILL N.—Westerfelt, 6/- ..... *Harpers*

[Miss Mary Wilkins need not object to our calling Mr. Harben her disciple, nor need Mr. Harben cavil at being thought so. The school of Miss Wilkins is a very excellent one, and the author of "Westerfelt" is at the same time strong enough to stand alone. His book is a fresh, impressive, wholesome tale of modern American life.]

HARTLEY, CECIL.—The Broad Road That Stretches, 3/6 net *Burleigh*

[The comparatively mild but entertaining adventures of the man who wished to wander, but would not look out a route in map or time-table. His ten adventures are ten placid pleasures—for the reader.]

HENTY, G. A.—A Hidden Foe. Illustrated. 6/- ... *Sampson Low*

[A long, full tale of the days when crinolines were the *mode*, and the Great Exhibition was a fresh memory. Mr. Henty does not stint the excitement, and his dramatic sea experiences make a fine conclusion.]

HOBBES, JOHN OLIVER.—The Serious Wooing, 6/- ..... *Methuen*

HOWELLS, W. D.—A Pair of Patient Lovers, 5/- net ..... *Harpers*

[In this book, which is the first volume in Messrs. Harpers' Portrait Collection of Short Stories—an attractive series, judging from this example—Mr. Howells lets us see romance again through the eyes of our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. March, whose wedding and silver-wedding journeys we have enjoyed in the past. The five tales are shrewd and delicate, as Mr. Howells' stories always are.]

HUME, FERGUS.—The Millionaire Mystery, 6/- ..... *Chatto*

[Here is the millionaire with a West Indian past; here are body snatchers, a murder, mystery, and love. In plain words, here is Mr. Fergus Hume at his ease, and here are we with our usual difficulty in fixing the crime on to the right criminal.]

JANE, FRED T.—Ever Mohun, 6/- ..... *Macqueen*

KINROSS, A.—The Early Stars, 6/- ..... *Arrowsmith*

[An amiable, sensible tale of a young literary man's love affairs, full of good feeling and enthusiasm and youthful ardour.]

LAUT, A. C.—Lords of the North, 1/- ..... *Heinemann*

LAWSON, HENRY.—The Country I Come From, 6/- ..... *Blackwood*

[A new collection of old Australian friends, gathered from "While the Billy Boils," "Over the Sliprails," and "On the Track."]

MASON, A. E. W.—Ensign Knightley, and Other Stories, 6/- *Constable*

MONRO, A. M.—A False Position, 6/- ..... *Unwin*

["He died of Quixotism," Ralph Eyle's friends would say. In reality he did nothing of the sort. He was a fine young fellow, he made a generous gift of his possessions to his brother, and became the hero of a readable story; but his sister-in-law, Lady Viola, came nearest the truth. "No change of air can cure him of his wife," she remarked. And no change did.]

MOORE, GEORGE.—Sister Teresa, 6/- ..... *Unwin*

MOORE, JOHN TROTWOOD.—A Summer Hymnal, $1.25 *Coates, Philadelphia*

[A pretty commingling of nature and human nature in the shape of a novel. We like to learn natural history in this fashion nowadays, and Mr. Moore understands us. Thesis and the catbird; yellow locusts and the Blind Man; Bernice and the pony, and the necessary man or two, form together a charming romance of Tennessee.]

MUDDOCK, J. E.—Whose Was the Hand? 6/- ..... *Digby*

[On the "spacious quarter-deck" of a P. and O. steamer, the beautiful Mrs. Belmore (who was of "no ordinary type of womanly attractiveness") listened to the impassioned proposal of Ernest Leslie, a young man whose face was pale and worn, but whose "daintily-trimmed, light brown moustache gracefully shaded his mouth" (who was indeed also one of those "endowed with more than an ordinary share of personal attractions"). At this supreme moment in the lives of this attractive couple the dusky figure of an Indian woman appears, and whispers "Beware!" in Mrs. Belmore's ear. From that point we are plunged in a sea of mystery, murder, and sudden death. Hyoscyama, a deadly Indian drug, plays a large part, a pet dog with a crushed forepaw plays a small one; while a scaffold in York city, and domestic bliss bring the tale to a comfortable conclusion. This is not the story; these are but hints as to the wealth of incident.]

MUMFORD, ETHEL WATTS.—Dupes, 5/- ..... *Putnams*

[Madame Bonzales was a woman of strong personality and no humour, who had a new gospel to teach, and a couple of accomplices to help her. Madame without these (self-elected) accomplices was comparatively futile; with them she was immense. But one accomplice had meant no harm, and when harm was done, grew furious. He lost, temporarily. Sally, the girl he loved, he struck his friend on the mouth, he vowed to be revenged. In the end Sally in a borrowed pink tea-gown smoothes out matters, and so finishes a distinctly original story.]

OSBORNE, DUFFIELD.—The Lion's Brood, 6/- ..... *Heinemann*

PAINE, ALBERT BIGELOW.—The Bread Line, 5/- ..... *Kegan Paul*

[A tale of a paper, the scheme, the start, the piloting. It makes breezy reading, and ends with a honeymoon.]

Pelican Tails, 1/- ..... *Greening*

[A collection of sad stories, written by wise and experienced persons.]

POTTER, MARGARET HORTON.—The House of de Mailly, 6/- *Harper*

PRYCE, GWENDOLEN.—John Jones, Curate, 6/- ..... *Unwin*

[A pleasant novel of Welsh life and love, with not too much of the native tongue for ordinary readers.]

"RITA."—Prince Charming, 3/6 ..... *Sands*

SAVAGE, RICHARD HENRY.—Captain Landon. Illustrated. *Ward, Lock*

[Incidents and italics! plenty of both. Captain Landon was a much vilified, finally exonerated man; and vilification and exoneration are both so impressed by incidents and italics that the reader is inclined to think them more important than they really are. It is a breezy story of modern Rome.]

STEPHENSON, NATHANIEL.—They That Took the Sword, 6/- ... *Lane*

ST. AUBYN, ALAN.—The Maiden's Creed, 6/- ..... *Digby*

[The "Maiden's Creed" was that "perfect life is the married life." This was not the opinion of the Newnham reading-party which went to Caerleon, though they were not blind to the danger of conversion, when they found their host to be young, handsome, and "considerably over six feet." The end of this pretty summer novel finds the numbers of the reading-party appreciably thinned; it met another reading-party (male), and paired, and left vacant several very desirable appointments at Cambridge.]

STUART, ESMÉ.—Nobler Than Revenge, 6/- ..... *Long*

[An interesting novel, in somewhat old-fashioned style, with a high-spirited heroine, and wicked persons who do their best to circumvent others most persistently to the end of the chapter. It is quite refreshing.]

TRY-DAVIES, J., AND MARY WOOLSTON.—Love and Company (Limited), 25 cents ..... *Foster Brown, Montreal*

[An English man and an American girl, for rather insufficient reasons, agree to try each to win the other's love; every night to write a faithful record of the events and impressions of the day; and at the end of a fortnight to exchange journals and part, never, upon honour, to see each other again. Of course they do not do it, and the failure makes an amusing novelette, which a grain of humour in either man or girl would have ended before it had well begun.]

"TUBAL-CAIN."—The Manse Gate, 6/- ..... *Sonnenschein*

[An anti-military story, with an exceptionally thorough prig for its hero. Thus—after much shilly-shallying—he concludes that he may venture to propose to the heroine:—"I need have no fear in asking Amy to be my wife. She is nobly fighting her weaknesses. Perhaps jealousy is the last smallness of a great woman." And thus—after Amy, humble in face of the honour conferred on her, has accepted him—"My noble girl! What a blessed life ours will be! Expect me to-morrow at seven o'clock. I hear your father coming. We can talk no more on this subject in his presence." House-tops would really have been sufficiently private for the circumspect wooing of Victor Auchterlonie.]

WALKER, WILLIAM S. ("COO-EE").—Virgin Gold. Illustrated. 6/- ..... *Long*

[Here Mr. Walker has achieved a full-sized novel of adventure, danger, gold, and a little love. He has also found a new country—"Everyone works, everyone is contented, in the new and golden land, where history is forming—history of heart and merit." It is a capital place—Mohican Bay—and the author seems a little unreasonable when he urges, "Let us leave them all *sans adieu*."]

WHARTON, EDITH.—Crucial Circumstances, 6/- net ..... *Murray*

WHITE, PERCY.—The Grip of the Bookmaker, 6/- ..... *Hutchinson*

ZOLA, EMILE.—The Honour of the Army. Edited, with a Preface, by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. 3/6 ..... *Chatto*

[A selection of M. Zola's short stories, written in many moods, some being entirely pathetic, and one or two marked by real humour.]

NEW EDITIONS.

BARRIE, J. M.—My Lady Nicotine, 6d. ..... *Hodder & Stoughton*

[Mr. Barrie's little classic at the "popular" price.]

CLOUSTON, J. STORER.—The Lunatic at Large, 6d. ... *Blackwood*

[A cheap edition of Mr. Clouston's racy tale, which ends so satisfactorily with "the detection of villany, the marriage of all the sane people, and the apotheosis of the lunatic."]

DICKENS, CHARLES.—Little Dorrit, 2/- net ..... *Nelson*

[The handy, altogether admirable New Century edition.] *Newnes*

DOYLE, A. CONAN.—Rodney Stone, 6d.

[A most popular reprint.]

GERARD, DOROTHEA.—The Conquest of London, 6d. ... *Methuen*

[This attractive recipe for conquering London is here brought within the reach of the multitude.]

GRIFFITHS, MAJOR ARTHUR.—The Rome Express, 6d. ..... *Milne*

[In good type we may follow the fortunes of the Rome Express for sixpence.]

HOBBES, JOHN OLIVER (MRS. CRAIGIE).—The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham, 2/- ..... *Unwin*

[A re-issue of one of Mrs. Craigie's early successes. The publisher's description—"First Popular Edition"—must on no account be read too literally.]

HUME, FERGUS.—The Bishop's Secret, 6d. ..... *Long*

[A new edition of Mr. Hume's detective-novel of the harried bishop and the harrying chaplain, and mystery within the dignified diocese of Beorminster.]

KAYE, EFF., AND LORIN LATHROP.—Her Ladyship's Income, 6d. *Macqueen*

[A new edition of this cynical society novel.]

MOORE, GEORGE.—Evelyn Innes, 6d. ..... *Unwin*
PARKER, GILBERT.—When Valmond Came to Pontiac, 6d. *Methuen*
[Yet another "marvel of cheapness and excellence."]
PAYN, JAMES.—The Family Scapegrace, 3/6 ..... *Chatto*
[A useful library edition.]
POST, MELVILLE DAVISSON.—Dwellers in the Hills, $1.25. *Putnams*
[A straight-ahead story of West Virginia, full of action, excitement, and the doings of a good horse and its rider.]
SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—Ivanhoe. The Monastery. The Bride of Lammermoor. The Heart of Midlothian. 4 vols. 2/- net each ..... *Nelson*
[Four more volumes of Messrs. Nelson's New Century Edition of Scott's Works, in good large type, on India paper.]
SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—The Antiquary. Two vols. *T. C. & E. C. Jack*
[The latest volumes of the fine Edinburgh Waverley edition of Scott's works, which Messrs. Jack are producing with so much taste and care. Each volume contains an admirable frontispiece—George Constable, of Wallace Craigie, from a drawing by John Kay, and a miniature of the novelist, painted in 1797.]

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

CALVERLEY, C. S.—Complete Works. With Biographical Notice by Sir Walter J. Sendall, G.C.M.G. 6/- net ..... *Bell*
CAWEIN, MADISON.—Weeds by the Wall, $1.25 *Morton, Louisville*
[Verses of distinct merit and much melody.]
DE BERTOUCH, BARONESS.—Passion-Flowers. With Portrait. 5/- net ..... *Chapman & Hall*
[A delicately produced volume of miscellaneous poems. Many of them are written in unaffected narrative form, rendering them suitable for recitation.]
EMSLEY, WILLIAM (LIONEL VULCAN).—Anvilantus, and Other Poems ..... *College Press, Bradford*
[The work of a youth at his anvil. The expressions of a strong nature gifted with some imagination, and thoughts at times rebellious, but more often wise.]
E. T. H.—Victoria, Queen and Empress ..... *Virtue*
[A loyal, reverent song of Queen Victoria's last stately journey —"The Last Progress, 1st and 2nd February, 1901." The poem, tastefully bound in white linen, is sold for the benefit of the Widows and Orphans, or the Families, of Soldiers.]
FILLIPI, ROSINA.—The Italian Quarter, 6d. net ... *Brimley Johnson*
[A bright example of the little series of Carpet Plays, edited by Lucian Oldershaw. A court behind Hatton Church is the scene; a piano organ and plaster casts are the chief properties; and the whole play occupies about half an hour.]
LESLIE, HELEN.—Sintram. A Drama. 5/- ... *Chapman & Hall*
[An interesting dramatisation of Fouqué's story, "Sintram and His Companions," with much original work in elaboration.]
MITCHELL, S. WEIR, M.D., LL.D.—Selections from Poems. 5/- net ..... *Macmillan*
[Undoubtedly worth bringing together in one volume. The themes are varied—from War Songs to a Greeting, from Gibraltar to graveyards—but the merit is unusually even. Dr. Mitchell's work is vigorous, heartfelt, and never hesitating.]
MOORE, E. HAMILTON.—Rienzi and Ygraine, 4/6 net *Sherratt, Manchester*
[Two tragedies—the first that of Rienzi, Senator of Rome, returned from exile; the second that of Ygraine, whose husband, Claudas, was killed purposely by King Finn. The theme is somewhat Arthurian in style. Both tragedies are marked by dignity and restraint.]
MOORSOM, REV. ROBERT MAUDE.—Renderings of Church Hymns. Music by Rev. G. W. Griffith and Mr. W. S. de Winton. 5/- net ..... *Camb. Univ. Press*
[These hymns are gathered from Eastern and Western sources; and their translator and compiler urges that they may become known and used in the English Churches, expressing as they do the leading doctrines of Christianity. It is a notable group of fine utterances.]
O'DONNELL, F. HUGH.—The Message of the Masters, 2/6 net *Long*
[A stirring melodious poem, founded on the old Celtic legend, "A Legend of Aileach." The sentiments are often very strongly Irish.]
STICKNEY, HELEN R. HAMERSLEY.—Verses ..... *Putnams*
[Simple lines, of a devotional nature.]

NEW EDITIONS.

BLAKE, Selections from the Works of William, 1/6 net ... *Methuen*
[Should prove a most popular volume in Messrs. Methuen's *Little Library*. It includes Notes and Introduction by Mark Perugini, and a portrait of Blake from a life-mask, by J. Deville.]
BYRON, The Works of Lord. Vol. IV.—Poetry. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge, M.A. 6/- ..... *Murray*
SHAKESPEARE.—Cymbeline. King Henry V. 1/6 net each ... *Bell*
[Two more volumes of the handy, beautiful Chiswick Edition, which contains Mr. Byam Shaw's vigorous illustrations.]
WYNNE, CHARLES WHITWORTH.—Ad Astra, 6/- net ..... *Richards*
[A ninth edition of this well-known volume.]

LAW, PHILOLOGY, SCIENCE, ART, SCHOOL, AND TECHNICAL BOOKS.

Century of Law Reform, A, 5/- net ..... *Macmillan*
[Twelve lectures delivered at Lincoln's Inn, 1900-1901, on the changes which have taken place in the various laws of England during the past century. The names of the lecturers—Augustine Birrell, K.C., W. Blake Odgers, K.C., Sir Harry Poland, K.C., and others—are guarantees of the soundness of the work.]
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